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THE CLASH OF COLOUR

First Published, March 1924
Second Impression, May 1924
Third Impression, June 1924
Fourth Impression, July 1924
Fifth Impression, September 1924
Sixth Impression, October 1924
Seventh Impression, November 1924
Eighth Impression, November 1924
Ninth Impression, January 1925
Tenth Impression, February 1925
Eleventh Impression, March 1925
Twelfth Impression, May 1925
Thirteenth Impression, September 1925
Fourteenth Impression, November 1925
Fifteenth Impression, November 1925
Sixteenth Impression, March 1926
Seventeenth Impression, November 1926
Eighteenth Impression, January 1927
Nineteenth Impression, April 1928
Twentieth Impression, October 1928
Twenty-first Impression, August 1929
Twenty-second Impression, August 1930
Twenty-third Impression, August 1931
Twenty-fourth Impression, October 1932

THE CLASH OF COLOUR

A STUDY IN THE PROBLEM OF RACE

BY

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'LIVINGSTONE THE PATHFINDER'
'YOUNG ISLAM ON TREK,' ETC.

LONDON
EDINBURGH HOUSE PRESS
2 EATON GATE, S.W.1
1932

*Printed in Great Britain
by Turnbull & Spears, Edinburgh*

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE challenge of Mount Everest and that of the Race Problem are closely parallel. They are, both of them, in their separate ways, the biggest thing in the world. Each has hitherto defied man's efforts. Yet each makes an irresistible call to the adventure of facing its perils and defying its difficulties.

The very fact that the new post-war race problem is the supreme feature in the world-landscape to-day, and that it lies right across the path of the onward trek of mankind, makes the attack upon it as inescapable for us as it is fascinating.

To concentrate a discussion of this vast world-issue within the covers of a small book in a way that omits no vital consideration yet keeps a true perspective, while on the other hand avoiding the dismal dulness of the catalogue, would seem to be impossible. Yet no partial picture gives us the real dimensions or nature of the menace—and of the possibilities—that lie ahead. And it really is vital to-day that we should measure the issue. The attempt has therefore been made here.

The reader will see what is in the book: the author is most of all conscious of what he has been

forced by the rigid limits of inelastic pages to cut out. Yet he would not have had the impertinence to produce the book if it were not felt that even an imperfect attempt to get a vivid, accurate, balanced picture of this greatest of all problems confronting the new generation may have a real value if only as a pathfinder towards a fuller exploration.

Years of thought, reading, and human contact lie behind the book. In addition, the unwearied patience of a group of friends who have corporately overhauled every page, has greatly strengthened it in every part. To them, and especially to the editor, the author owes a great debt of gratitude. He would also acknowledge indebtedness to the intense stimulus of Dr Lothrop Stoddard's *The Rising Tide of Colour*, the brilliancy of whose presentation he admires as strongly as he challenges and traverses his conclusions.

The argument of *The Clash of Colour* first took shape in a series of lectures delivered in Belfast under the lectureship established by the Presbyterian Church in Ireland.

If this small volume acts only as a porch through which the reader will enter on a wider and deeper study of the problem, such as will be found in Mr J. H. Oldham's *Christianity and the Race Problem*, the author will feel that it has fulfilled its function.

BASIL MATHEWS

February 1924

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THE CLASH OF COLOUR

CHAPTER I

THE WHITE MAN AND THE WORLD

“THE black will never understand the white, nor the white the black, as long as black is black and white is white.”

So said Captain Woodward—the hero of one of Jack London’s *South Sea Tales*—in a public-house, under the palm trees looking out over the Apia Harbour to the league-long rollers of the Pacific.

“The criss-cross of scars on his bald pate,” writes Jack London, “bespoke a tomahawk intimacy with the black, and of equal intimacy was the advertisement, front and rear, on the right side of his neck, where an arrow had at one time entered and been pulled clean through.” At the present moment he was commander of the *Savaii*, the big steamer that recruited labour from the westward for the plantations on Samoa.

“Half the trouble is the stupidity of the whites,” said Roberts, pausing to take a swig from his glass. “If the white man would lay himself out a bit to understand the workings of the black man’s mind, most of the messes would be avoided.”

So the argument runs to and fro, when Captain

Woodward breaks in with a vehement sentence that sums up the convictions of multitudes besides himself.

“Don’t talk to me about understanding the nigger. The white man’s mission is to farm the world, and it’s a big enough job cut out for him. What time has he got left to understand niggers anyway? . . . There’s one thing sure, the white man has to run the niggers whether he understands them or not. It’s inevitable. It’s fate.”

“And of course the white man is inevitable—it’s the niggers’ fate,” Roberts broke in. “Tell the white man there’s pearl-shell in some lagoon infested by ten thousand howling cannibals, and he’ll head there all by his lonely, with half a dozen kanaka divers and a tin alarm clock for chronometer, all packed like sardines on a commodious five-ton ketch. Whisper that there’s a gold strike at the North Pole, and that same inevitable white-skinned creature will set out at once, armed with pick and shovel, a side of bacon, and the latest patent rocker—and what’s more, he’ll get there. Tip it off to him that there’s diamonds on the red-hot ramparts of hell, and Mr White Man will storm the ramparts and set old Satan himself to pick-and-shovel work.”

“But I wonder what the black man must think of the—the inevitableness?” asks Jack London.

• • • • •
Jack London’s sea-captain, this recruiter of coloured labour, declares two things with dogmatic certainty. He says first that “The black will

never understand the white, nor the white the black," and secondly, that "The white man's mission is to farm the world."

Is he right ? It is of supreme importance that we should know.

Let us take the second half of his tremendous statement. This prodigious expansion of the domination of the "inevitable white man" who "farms the world," and the consequent racial upheaval against his control have set for the new generation in the second quarter of this twentieth century the supreme task of its life. Indeed, the sheer force of the facts of this world clash of colour—as we shall try here to face them—drives in on us the conviction that no generation has ever been confronted by an issue so world-wide in its range and so decisive for good or ill for the future of man's life on the planet.

I

Whether or not it is true that "the white man's mission is to farm the world," he is in fact doing so on a scale unprecedented in history and with revolutionary effects on the life of the races whose lands he farms and whose lives he directs.

A swift moving-picture of the last four centuries of history and of the world to-day will throw into relief this astonishing situation.

If we stand back rather less than five hundred years and look out on the world of, say, 1450, we

discover the white man besieged in the relatively small mass of land that we call Western and Central Europe, with the group of British Islands lying off the shores of that continent. If he turned his head over his shoulder east he found hanging on to his flank the Mongol of the Russian and Central Asian Steppes. If, desiring as he did the trade of India, he looked south-east or south he found (from the Danube across Nearer Asia to the Nile and from the Nile across North Africa to Gibraltar) the hostile scimitar of the world of Islam barring his way. Westward lay the Atlantic Ocean—that wild waste of endless waters which he had never crossed, which were indeed to him the end of the world.

Literally, then, the white man saw himself in that narrow continent encircled by an unbroken siege of human enemies and by the impassable ocean.

Suddenly two dramatic adventures not only changed the history of the world, but revolutionized the rôle of the white man in human affairs.

In 1492 Columbus, seeking a new route to India across the Atlantic, stumbled on the colossal break-water of a new continent. In 1498 Vasco da Gama—also in search of a new route to India—found his way round the southernmost promontory of Africa into the Indian Ocean and landed at Calicut. The white man had broken the barrier of the Atlantic and had outflanked the forces of Islam by the tremendous detour of the Cape of Good Hope—two stupendous achievements that were to alter the

destiny of man. He had at once discovered a "New World" and had made the oceans

"a pathway to the ends of the earth."

The siege was broken.

From that hour for more than four centuries an incessant tide of expansion of the white man's dominance has flowed across the world from Britain and West Central Europe. It is a movement so wonderful that we shall search all recorded history without discovering a parallel either in geographical range or revolutionary results on the human race. Rome, indeed, ruled the races of the world of its day ; but the known world of the Cæsars was a miniature compared with ours.

The white man proceeded first to dominate and then to occupy and develop the New World. Red Indians and buffalo roamed then over the prairies of America ; but the Spaniards and the Portuguese, the Dutch and the French, streamed across the Atlantic ; while Grenville, Hawkins, Raleigh and Drake swept out from the Devon coast "Westward Ho" in search of adventure and galleons of gold. Settlements of daring pioneers¹ began to fringe the eastern coast of North America. Gradually, step by step, the white man blazed his trail westward through the forests, hewed a clearing, built his shack, spread his plantations, until from the Atlantic to the

¹ The first settlement on the mainland was made by Spain on the peninsula of Florida, 1512.

Pacific and from Polar Ice to the Gulf of Mexico his rule became absolute. He created the new nation of the United States and the commonwealths of Newfoundland and Canada.

The white man now farmed the New World.

Meanwhile the sturdy "merchant adventurers" in their oak ships were doubling the Cape of Good Hope to plant their settlements in Fort William (Calcutta) and Fort St George (Madras), Surat and Bombay, and were developing their trade in spices and silks, timber and cottons. The first consideration in those early days was the treasure-chest of the East India Company. But one Indian prince after another put himself under the protection of the Company as against his warring neighbour, while Clive fought Dupleix as a part of that tense struggle between France and Britain which then stretched across the world from Quebec to India. By processes that were certainly neither foreseen nor organized, some three hundred million people of India and Burma came within the *pax Britannica*, from the Khyber and the passes of the Himalayas down to Cape Comorin and Ceylon, and from Rangoon across to Bombay.

While this was going on Captain Cook and his tough sailor-men in their ships, well named *The Resolution* and *The Adventure*, set out from Plymouth in 1772 on one of the most romantic and adventurous quests that men have ever made. Through his voyages and those of the men who followed him,

those lovely island groups of the Pacific Ocean, dawned on the horizon. And a new continent—Australia—with the large islands of New Zealand opened their harbours to the ships that came sailing out of the West.

The white man was by this time farming half America, a great part of Asia and all Australasia.

Yet the vastest territory of all still remained barely touched. South Africa was already the home of Dutch and British settlers. Protected, however, partly by her stupendous bulk, yet even more by the myriad tiny lances of the fever-mosquito, Africa—as a whole—still held her secret. The white man had raided her coasts for slaves and ivory and gold to enrich himself, but had not seriously invaded the real body of Africa.

Now, however, Mungo Park, Baker, Barth, Speke, Burton, Grant and—greatest of all—David Livingstone, in journeys of epic heroism never excelled either in legend or in life, opened up the mysterious heart of Africa and showed to an astonished world, rivers and forests, lakes and veldt, and resources of soil, of mineral wealth and of manhood such as the white man had never dreamed of in his wildest thoughts. He immediately rushed in with his capital, his energy and his organizing capacity and began to “farm the world” of Africa.

With the exception of the Far East—China and the Japanese Empire—and parts of South America, the white man in those centuries has with the

irresistible "drive" of his energetic expansion discovered for himself, opened up, and then taken under his control, all the continents of the world.

By the technical miracles of modern science of transport of goods and of ideas, the cable and "wireless," the giant liner and the trans-continental railways, and those children of the internal combustion engine and the electric spark—the motor car, the lorry, the aeroplane and the motor plough—the white man has carried his control into the secret recesses of every continent. He has farmed the world by controlling the labour of men of every race under the sun. The hands of Africans, Asiatics and Islanders produce the rubber and the gold, the cotton and the oils, the foods and fabrics of every land, and pour this gathered wealth into the lap of the West.

That is the history of those four astounding centuries.

.

To gather the whole story into a single picture in our own day let us look at the world scene from an aeroplane.

Two young men—brothers glorying in the name of Smith—were flying during the war, the one (in a giant Handley-Page, night-bombing the enemy) over Palestine with General Allenby, the other on the Western Front. They determined after the Armistice to fly to Australia.

Starting from the Hounslow aerodrome they flew,

via Paris, Lyons and Naples, to Cairo ; thence via Baghdad, Basra and Delhi to Calcutta ; and via Rangoon, Singapore, Batavia and Port Darwin to Sydney and Adelaide. Less than a hundred and ninety hours in the air had carried them almost half-way round the world. Yet throughout the whole of that stupendous journey of 14,000 miles Ross and Keith Smith were flying over territories dominated by the white races of the world. From Cairo onward to Adelaide they would be covering throughout (apart from the fringe of Siam and the Dutch East Indies) territory of the British Empire.

Supposing that—unsated by this achievement—the brothers had flown again from Adelaide to New Zealand, and had run north-eastward across the Pacific, landing, say, in Fiji, the Samoan Islands, Rarotonga and Tahiti to Central America ; if rising thence the giant Vickers had turned northward up the thousands of miles of the Mississippi, over the illimitable prairies and the violently vigorous cities of the United States and, crossing the border, had run the gauntlet between the great lakes of Canada and her corn lands, and from Newfoundland home to Britain, she would again have flown over territory all dominated (and mainly inhabited) by the white races.

To pile still higher the astonishing story let us follow the route on which another 'plane (the *Silver Queen*) started with Dr Chalmers Mitchell on board. The 'plane left the Nile delta and swung away south-

ward, up the Nile over the Sudan, and across into Uganda. If the journey had been completed past the Lakes, or over the Tanganyika territory and the upper waters of the vast river Congo, down over the forest and veldt of the Rhodesias and so across South Africa to Cape Town, throughout that tremendous journey across desert, swamp, forest, lake and veldt, her wings would pass over thousands of miles of land, every inch of the way under the rule of the British race.

The figures are staggering. There are on the earth some fifty-three million square miles of habitable land surface. Of those miles forty-seven million are under white dominance—or nearly nine-tenths of the whole habitable area of the world. Of the remaining six million square miles over four million square miles are ruled by the yellow races—the Chinese and the Japanese, the latter now having sway over Korea, Formosa and the Pacific Islands that Germany used to govern north of the Equator.

Of all this vast area of forty-seven million square miles controlled by the white races, by far the greater part is under the hand of the English-speaking peoples. Of every seven people in the British Empire six are coloured.¹

That white leadership of the world—and especially the British authority—is the dominating feature in

¹ Of the four hundred and sixty million subjects of the British Empire only some sixty-five million are white; three hundred and forty million are Asiatics (of whom over three hundred and twenty million are Indians).

the world's political landscape. We take it for granted. Yet, as we have seen, it is, when viewed across the vast perspectives of history, a modern growth.

What has produced it ? Can it survive ? Ought it to persist ?

II

If we ask what produced the white man's expansion of power through the world we find a bewildering but fascinating array of answers.

The very fact that the siege of Islam forced the white man to take to the ocean drove him also to begin inventing new instruments for navigation, and so led on to new sciences of mathematics, astronomy, engineering construction, medicine and so on ; and created that intellectual inquisitiveness and inventiveness which are (when you get down to the roots) the central creative forces of the new world. This inventive spirit gave us young James Watt poring over the steaming kettle, George Stephenson with his engine, and the brilliant stream of inventors down to Edison and Marconi and the rest. Those inventions in turn created the industrial revolution, wherever there were coal and iron to be found, in Britain and then on the Continent of Europe and in America.

The industrial revolution made a prodigious growth of wealth. The population simultaneously increased enormously : this gave to the white man an irre-

sistible head of steam that drove his civilization at top speed across the world. New millions of mouths to feed and bodies to clothe made it necessary to get and to farm territory on which not only to live, but to grow the food and fabrics for his homeland. He *must* "farm the world"—for the raw material for his suits and her frocks, and their food.

The wealth beyond the dreams of Croesus that has flowed in from Asia and Africa has—in turn—clamoured to be used to make more wealth. So the money was built into ever larger and swifter liners to speed over all the oceans, longer and better railways and more powerful engines to rush across the continents, machines for ploughing up and planting vaster acres in all the countries of the world, and improved spinning machines and looms on which to make the world's clothing.

This development of transport and of farming and mining is one of the magic-stories of the world. We take it for granted. The savage sees it more truly when he opens eyes and mouth in gasping amazement at the "white man's ju ju."

Look at one or two pictures of the transition.

As Stanley strode into Ujiji, when he discovered Livingstone on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, he handed him a bag of letters. Livingstone when he tore them open discovered that the dates at the head of the letters were two years old. It had taken two years for those messages to reach him! The time-distance now for a message from London to

Lake Tanganyika is to the wireless telegraphist a fortieth of a second.

It took Livingstone years of trudging—facing fever and hunger, spears and arrows, wild beasts and the angered, hunted men of Africa—before he reached the Lake. To-day the traveller can cross Europe in a sleeping car, join a luxurious liner on the Mediterranean that lands him at Dar es Salaam, and climb straight up by railway in a first-class saloon to the shore of Lake Tanganyika in a month from leaving London.

As a small black boy, Khamá of the Bamangwato trotted out by his father's side to meet the young explorer David Livingstone, trudging on foot into unknown Africa : as an old man that great African Chief after the War prepared an aerodrome for the *Silver Queen's* trial flight.

The air has become the universal shoreless ocean for the flying-routes of humanity, and the ether the channel through which a man speaking in New York can be heard in London and his words be retransmitted to South Africa, over 9000 miles, more quickly than the sound of his voice can reach the back gallery of the hall in which he stands. And we are soon to be able to see the man himself by tele-vision simultaneously as he speaks to us across ten thousand miles.

A revolution is already being worked in the life of men by the annihilation of space. It is swiftly breaking up old ways of thought and old habits of

life. The son of the stone-age Papuan, as he drives the motor-boat that he has built with his own hands into Port Moresby to get the wireless news of the world, has leapt in a generation a gulf as wide as that which separates a twentieth-century undergraduate from neolithic man.

What has been done is, however, nothing to what can and will be done. If man throws off the paralysing fears of war and makes his frontiers links instead of barriers, he will by wireless, aeroplane and rail-services make his life one with that of all the world. Railway traffic will shoot across continents from ocean to ocean, following examples already set by Canada and the United States of America and Russia. For instance, when the Channel Railway Ferry system is working from Britain to the Continent and across the Bosphorus, as well as across one or two African lakes, it will be possible to take a through carriage from Charing Cross to Cape Town, via Damascus and the Sinai desert, by an all-land route running on the soil of three continents—Europe, Asia and Africa. The railway engineer, too, has his vision already across Central Asia via Bokhara first eastward to Shanghai, and then southward via Bengal and Burma to the untapped wealth of the Malay States. Thus the tremendous resources of Central and Western China—greater probably than those of any land in the world, with the possible exception of the United States of America—and the opulence of the soil

of Africa, will soon all be linked up with Europe by rail through the Near East.

A central European air service can reach India in three days, while the shadow of the aeroplane's wings could glide over the roofs of Hankow within a hundred hours of leaving Paris.

If, with these modern miracles of transport of men and ideas, foods and fabrics, in our mind, we revolve a globe slowly in our hands, we see that every problem that we can think of is now not simply a national, nor even a continental, but a world problem. As General Smuts has said, "The cardinal fact of geography in the twentieth century is the shortening of distances and the shrinking of the globe. The result is that problems which a century or even fifty years ago were exclusively European now concern the whole world."

III

Of those world problems the first, the greatest, the most momentous on every ground is the very one that is created by the white man's expansion which has caused him to "farm the world." It is the race problem.

World transport of foods, fabrics and ideas has made the whole world one body: it has broken down age-long divisions and brought us all together. The railway and the steamship are like the pulsating arteries in a body carrying the blood of humanity to and fro; the cables and the wireless are like the



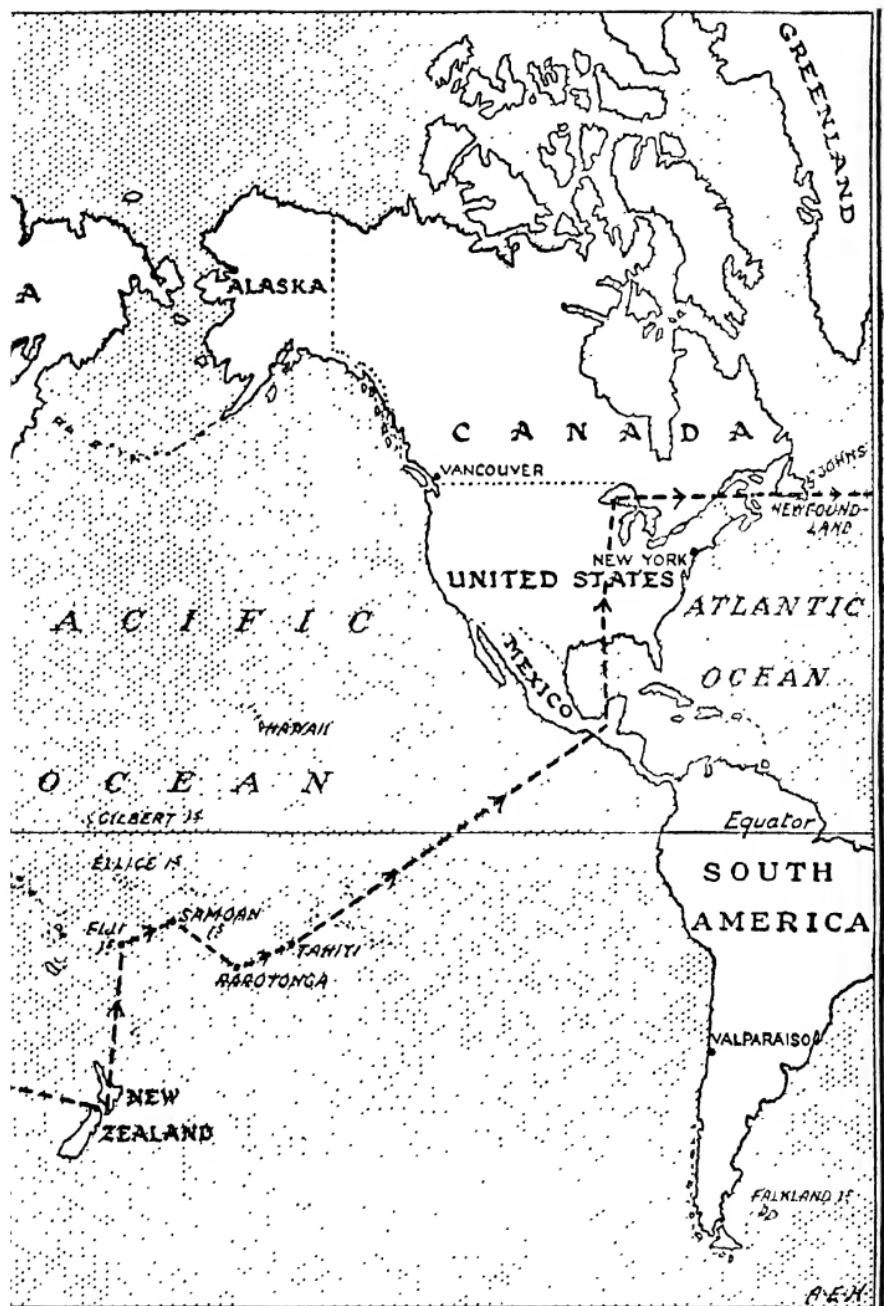
INDIA

AFRICA

OCEANIA

MAP

Showing the aeroplane routes mentioned on pp. 16-18. (T.



WORLD

portions of Africa indicate Britain's African territory, see p. 63.)

nerves, flashing ideas from brain to finger and foot, and sensations from limb back to brain.

When the schoolboys of A.D. 2200 read in their textbooks about this age of ours, they will discover that in our century for the first time in all human history "all nations of men that dwell on the face of the whole earth" were bound up in the bundle of life together.

If we—armed with binoculars—were looking down to the earth from the two aeroplanes, whose journeys were described earlier in this chapter, we should see, as they droned above the heads of the peoples, startled faces lifted to us—first white, then in Asia brown and yellow and darker brown, and in Africa deeper and deeper browns toning to black. In our swift flight we should get a strong impression of the contrasts of the races of the world, based partly on colour differences: the white European, the bearded olive-faced Jew, the swarthy, tawny, desert Arab, the teeming brown myriads of India, the yellow Chinese and Japanese, the dark-skinned, passionate-hearted Melanesians of the Western South Pacific, the brown, laughter-loving Polynesians of the Eastern South Pacific, the few remaining Red Indians of America, the almost black negroes of America and of the veldt and forest and lakeside in Africa—a fascinating, ever-moving human kaleidoscope of colour.

This kaleidoscope, however, as we look into it, is shot through with strange, electric flashes. Vehement

ambitions for a new place in the world thrill through the nerves both of primitive peoples like the Africans and of ancient civilizations like those of India and China. The foreign pages of any daily paper that really gives the news of the world are like the charts of a seismographic observatory—they record world-wide upheavals, nationalistic earthquakes and racial tidal waves. Headlines like “Swarajists’ New Move in India”—“Mélée of Arabs and Jews in Jerusalem”—“Africans, Indians and the White Settler in Kenya”—“Race-Rioting in Chicago”—“Students’ Outrage in Cairo”—reveal the sensational explosions of a profound and world-wide upheaval that affects every race.

The upheaval as we know it is relatively new; yet it has clearly defined stages in its swift dramatic growth. It began when (exactly four centuries after Columbus and Vasco da Gama started the great age of white expansion) a Japanese admiral went back to his country with the report that the British was the best navy in the world, and a Japanese general simultaneously reported that the best army in the world was that of the German Empire. Japan then started her astoundingly swift and efficient adoption of western ways of war and commerce. That Japanese movement changed history. It challenged and ended the white man’s expansion. It reared a huge “No trespassers” notice across Asia in the face of the white man’s advance. For the victory won by little Japan over

great Russia in 1904, after the battle of Port Arthur, was the end of an age and the beginning of a new era. It stopped the white man from carving up the Far East as he had partitioned Africa.

In the Great War just ten years later, the white man turned upon himself in what was (to the wondering Asiatic) a stupendous white civil war. The white man's hypnotic authority, which was undermined by Japan's victory, crashed in moral ruin in the war of 1914-1918. All the races were drawn into it as allies of the white man on one side or the other. Over a million Indians voluntarily enlisted; scores of thousands of Africans and American negroes went to Europe and took part in the war; the Japanese navy was in from the beginning; Arabs on the one side fought Turks on the other, both under white generalship; Senegalese, Annamese, and Malagasy, Maori and South Sea Islanders joined in; and over a score of thousand Chinese laid roads, drained marshes, built huts and cut down trees behind the lines in France. Their disillusionment was widespread; the white man and his civilization came under universal criticism. When the Armistice came and all the survivors streamed back to the Punjab and the Deccan, to the north plain of China and the cities and plantations of America, to the African veldt and the island villages, their lands were filled with the experiences of all the races in the white man's war.

Meanwhile President Wilson had proclaimed across the roof-tops of the world the principle of "self-determination" as the central war aim of the Allies. "Self-determination" was trumpeted by the propaganda departments of the governments in every part of the world. It was translated into the languages of India, into Turkish, Arabic, Chinese and Japanese. The Allies, indeed, had in mind the self-determination of Belgium, of Serbia, of Poland, and so on. The Irishman, however, shouted it in Erse—"Sinn Fein." The Indian simultaneously translated self-determination into "Swaraj." The Arab quickened to the "Pan-Arabian" dream. Students in the University in Cairo and in London restaurants thrilled to the cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians." Negroes in America and in Africa felt for the first time in the story of their people a consciousness of race-unity. In the Far East not only did the slogan "Asia for the Asiatic" resound, but in the Peace Conference at Versailles, Japan made herself the spokesman of the claim of equal rights for the Asiatic alongside the Western white in the international sphere.

The colours of these peoples are different, but their voice is one. It is the voice of the great racial upheaval; the desire, or rather the determination, of the peoples to grasp and to keep the control of their own destinies.

The leadership of these peoples is as varied as the poles asunder. You have a leader like Kemal

Pasha hammering at the doors of Europe and carrying the emblems of the scimitar and crescent. At the other extreme you find a simple, saintly mystic, Gandhi, with the emblems of the spinning-wheel and the calico cap. Then you have a man like the brilliant American negro writer, Burghardt Du Bois, whose *Darkwater* and whose oratory and journalism have stimulated a movement among the negroes of America (as in Africa itself) to make the negro consciousness stand out defiantly against the white man, and refuse to be dominated.

White men say, "Our civilization is the higher." To this the other races make reply, some by pointing with derision to the moral debacle of world-war; others with the declaration, "Only through freedom have you won the power to be great, and we must have that same freedom." White men declare that if the other races try to rule themselves they will make tragic, catastrophic blunders. To this they say: "Even if we make blunders and stumble and fall, they shall be our blunders from which we suffer and not—as now—yours."

In any case the old authority of the white man in the sense of its automatic acceptance by the other races as inevitable and enduring, has ended. It received its *coup de grâce* in 1928 when the Turkish people (totalling little more than the population of Greater London) recovered from colossal defeat, drove the Greeks into the sea, and held all Europe at bay diplomatically at Lausanne, till they had dictated

terms to the world-powers. The Treaty of Lausanne was discussed in every bazaar in India, by the night-fires of Arab sheiks, and in student debates from Cairo to Delhi, Peking and Tokyo.

• • • • •

So as we look across the world everywhere we see the rise, and hear the murmur and the fret, of this stupendous tide of racial movement on the shores of humanity.

The white man has indeed found it to be his destiny "to farm the world." But in the process he has stirred the races of the world into new life. He still controls the governing machinery and most of the productive industry of the world; but his rule is challenged. Some men of the other races would fight him. Others would work with him. Few, however, would be ready to carry on indefinitely under his unqualified authority.

Permanently to resist the claim of the other races for new power would lead to world-war. To accept it swiftly without qualification would lead to chaos. Is there a way out of this impasse? What basis, if any, is possible for a world-order in which all the just rights and needs of every race would be met?

It is to the discussion of that vital world-wide issue—the most tremendous that has ever faced any generation of men—that we now set ourselves.

CHAPTER II

THE DILEMMA OF THE PACIFIC

I

WHEN the molten earth, whirling through space, flung off the moon, we can imagine the stupendous burning crater that was made in the planet.

Men to-day, gazing at the map of the world and from it to the moon in the sky, have seriously suggested that the Pacific Ocean—that most enormous of all the earth's waters—covers the cavity left by the satellite. This rather wild theory, small as its scientific value may be, at least lights up for us the first fundamental fact about the Pacific Ocean—its vastness.

Our atlases conspire to confuse us in this matter. They divide the world into two hemispheres, with the division usually running down the middle of the Pacific. So we only see half of it at a time. But if we take a globe of the world, and mentally cut it into two halves from pole to pole like a dessert orange, across from Cape Horn on the right¹ to Rangoon on the left, we at once see the prodigious range of that ocean. No wonder Robert Louis

¹ See map on pages 40-1, which should be referred to throughout this chapter.

Stevenson—who lived and died on one of its loveliest islands—called the Pacific Ocean “this desert of ships.”

The Pacific is, indeed, itself almost a hemisphere. The actual world of the Pacific, with its American, Australasian and Asiatic shores, *is* a hemisphere. Its waste of waters dwarfs the Atlantic in range. For instance, from Liverpool across the Atlantic to New York is only 8050 miles, whereas it is three times as far from Yokohama across the Pacific to Valparaiso, 9340 miles.

Looked at from north to south the Pacific stretches practically from Pole to Pole; the waters roll from Arctic to Antarctic ice across the blazing Equator. The area of the waters of the Pacific is far larger than the land surface of the entire planet. In this immense expanse of seventy million square miles, island systems that would loom large elsewhere are like tiny clumps of marguerites in a stupendous meadow.

So immense an ocean—with its opposite shores separated by such vast distances—has through the centuries of past history had almost no transoceanic intercourse. The Chinese of Shanghai and the Japanese of Yokohama were in the fifteenth century as remote from Vancouver as from Mars. But to-day, through liners and electric cables, cargo tramps and wireless, the life of all the shores of the Pacific is being linked up, as closely as were the shores of the *Aegean* Sea in the days of ancient Greece. That linking-up throws up for this genera-

tion the greatest and the most bewildering of its racial enigmas.

If we took our stand at the only place from which the whole Pacific would be visible—on the moon itself—and looked down when she shone over all the shores of that ocean, what should we see?

Concentrating our vision through a powerful glass, we should discover first (as we gazed on the land behind the earthquake-shattered harbour of Yokohama) the teeming millions of Japan. In those small islands, whose area of 148,000 square miles is little greater than the 121,000 square miles of Great Britain and Ireland, we should see tilling the land, toiling in the factories, buying and selling in the streets, and sitting at desks in colleges and schools, fifty-six million people as compared with forty-seven million in the British Isles. When we recall that owing to her mountains only one acre of every six in Japan can be cultivated for crops, and that six out of every ten Japanese work on the land itself, we can see how congested her population is.

We swing our telescope from Japan across the peninsula of Korea—which is a part of the Japanese Empire, where she rules ten million peasants—and the great port of Vladivostok comes into our field of vision, recalling the immense latent energies of Russia and Russia's interests in the Pacific. Our glass moves on across China. We discover in that single area one-quarter of the human race. They swarm in unnumbered millions across the plains of

China and up the gorges to the highlands, with their wonderful resources of men and minerals—resources before the wealth of which the imagination breaks down. They throng in congested millions in the cities. Crowded off the land, they even populate the very rivers (as at Amoy and Canton) with cities of folk living by the hundred thousand in house-boats on the water.

Out of a world population computed at one thousand eight hundred millions Japan and China contribute between them some five hundred millions; hardy, industrious, capable of marching long distances on little rations, with a high capacity for organization. And these prodigious masses of Asiatic men and women have at their command, especially in China, resources of coal, iron and other mineral products exceeding those of any nation on earth—even of the United States of America. There is, for instance, enough coal already geologically surveyed in China to supply for centuries the whole human race at its present rate of consumption.

Swinging our field of vision still further westward we cover India, which—although geographically not upon the shores of the Pacific Ocean—is nevertheless in strategy and commerce linked up with increasing closeness by the new trend of world affairs to the whole life of the Pacific. Here and in Burma we see three hundred and twenty million folk of the Indian world, brought by a strange destiny into the

closest interdependence with the British people. As our eye, running south-east, follows the alluring islands of the Dutch East Indies (like Java, the most densely populated area in the world) and British Malaysia, we discover lands thickly inhabited by peoples of mixed Indian, Mongol, Arabian and Oceanic types. They bring the total of the peoples which we have seen on this Asiatic side of the Pacific to nearly a thousand million, or far more than half of the human race.

Asia is thus a congested continent. She may give relief to her pent-up peoples some day by the development of the areas of Manchuria, Mongolia and Eastern Siberia. But to-day she is a bowl whose millions are spilling over the Pacific brim.

II

Through the previous centuries of historic time these peoples of Farther Asia have remained relatively quiet in an unchanging life governed by custom. Remote from all racial competition and nationalistic ambition, the tree of their civilization grew quietly, driving strong roots into their own deep soil. Their civilization has been one of custom and not of change. John Stuart Mill, exaggerating a truth, said : "The greater part of the world has, properly speaking, no history, because the despotism of Custom is complete. This is the case over the whole East." Since Mill wrote those words, however, world-history has changed. To-day irresistible new

forces are shattering custom and driving the peoples of Asia with increasing speed and momentum into new life.

In less than half a century the new world-force which we sum up in the phrase "modern inventions," backed by the restless hunger of the West for commerce, has begun to transform the trend of the life of Asia from tradition and custom to initiative and change. They have broken the three thousand years old traditions of the Far East.

In Kobe and Osaka in Japan, in Shanghai, Hankow and other centres in China, hundreds of great factories belching smoke from forests of chimneys employ Japanese and Chinese men, women and children in numbers that now total three or four millions, and are increasing every day. Modern industry has drawn millions from the village plough and cottage spinning-wheel which have sustained their ancestors for at least four thousand years. Asiatic people all day and all night in never-closing factories spin and weave the cotton and silk of our fabrics. They make our electric light bulbs at a fraction of the cost of those made in the West. In iron works, with frontages half a mile long, they produce pig iron in gigantic blast furnaces eighty feet high at prices that undercut the products of Sheffield and Pittsburg. The clanging shipyards of Kobe in Japan, the blazing furnaces and the steam hammers of the Hanyeh-ping Steel Works in China—enormous as they are—represent mere travellers' samples of

those countries' amazing resources of minerals and fabrics and human capacity.

The leap of Japan into world power,¹ with her brilliant navy and army, her splendid universities, her fine educational system, and her growing labour movements, is the most lively and spectacular of all these developments.

Young Japan, full-armed in the arena of the new world, has stirred race ambitions through all Asia. Seething ideas from all the continents have quickened the ferment. Bolshevism, Christianity, nationalism, the race for money, the passion for sport—all are pressing on the young mind of new Asia, on students and labourers and clerks alike.

The printing presses of the East pour out these ideas every week in many millions of copies of newspapers and weekly and monthly magazines. In China alone there are now over a thousand periodicals being published all the year round. *Crossing the Deathline*, the autobiographical novel of Japan's great young Christian labour leader, Kagawa, ran through three hundred editions between 1920 and 1924. A single magazine, *La Jeunesse*, in Peking, run by a group of young thinkers, has stimulated and been the centre of a renaissance movement which is leading the student life of China to challenge in intellectual combat every tradition, not only of western civilization, but of China itself.

A Chinese man returning recently to China from

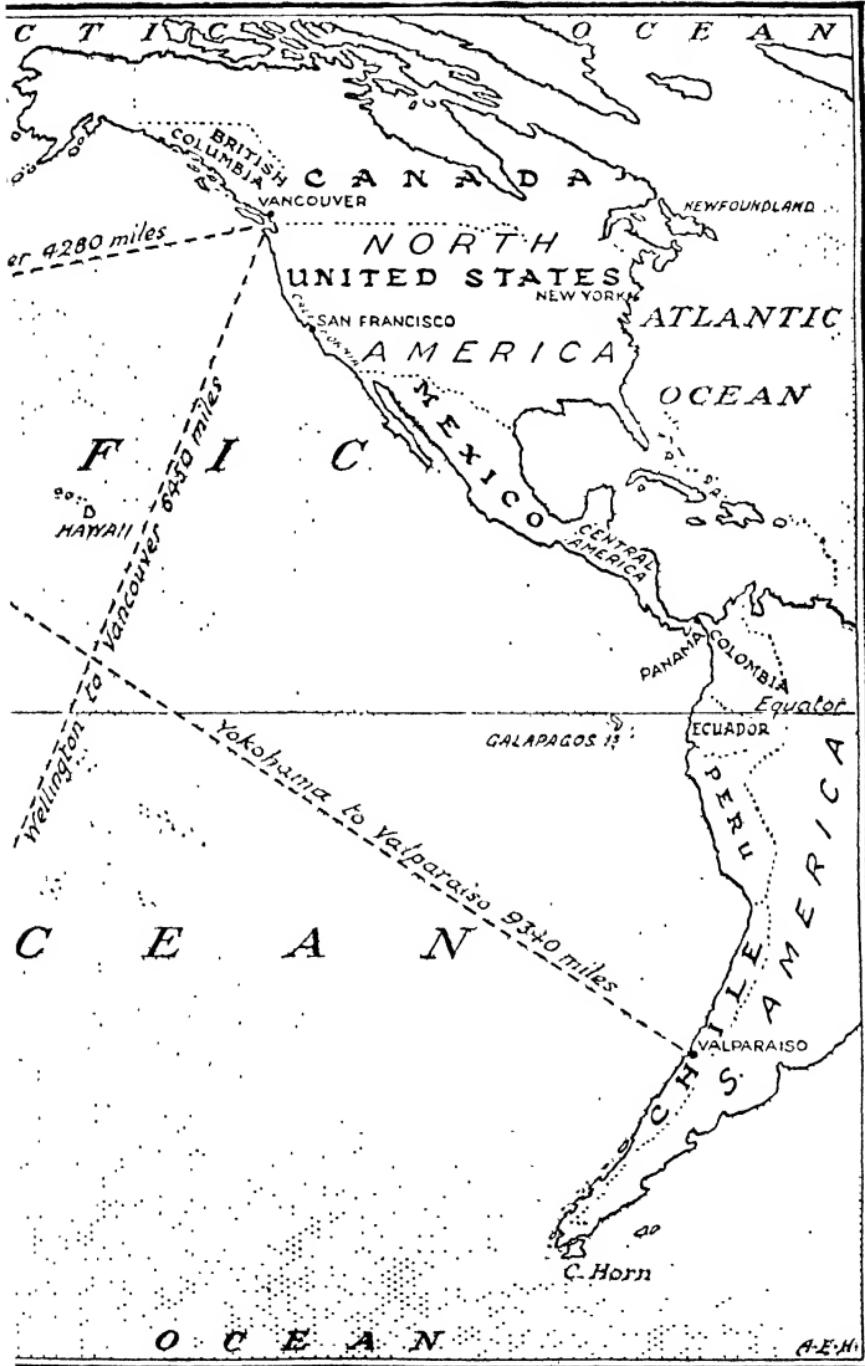
¹ See Chapter I.

America went to a bookstall and bought a copy of every new magazine that had been founded during his absence. There were forty-seven. He took them to his rooms and spent the night overhauling them. He says: "There were more up-to-date things discussed and a wider range of opinions expressed in these magazines than any combination of forty-seven magazines picked up from American newspaper-stands would contain."

A strange symptom of this rush of new ideals into the old life is that the very languages of the East are absorbing the newest words of the West—words and phrases for which there is no equivalent in the East, which, however, the East must use because of the new world into which she is so swiftly moving. For example, in Japanese books to-day you will find such words as clinic, survey, efficiency test, settlement, welfare work, infant mortality, birth-rate, turn-over, industrial democracy, strike, Labour Union, sabotage, and so on.

The greatest of all these forces of change is the quietest—education. In Japan alone some eight million boys and girls go daily to school under one of the finest educational systems in the world. The universities, like—among others—the Imperial University at Tokyo and the fine Doshisha Christian University, have their thousands of students. The same is increasingly true of China, which (for instance) in Peking University, Shantung Christian University, and Canton Christian College, has equipment that





ranks with the universities of the West. The student life of China has become so powerful that, when they revolted in the "Chinese Students' Patriotic Movement" against members of their own government, who had sold to Japan China's rights in the Shantung settlement at the end of the war, they triumphed in spite of imprisonment and torture. The merchants followed the students; the labourers joined, and the Chinese Government had to give way. That wonderful revolt is unique in the history of the world's undergraduate life, and is an index of the vigorous unconventionality and power of young China. And it is important to note that it was a conscious nationalistic movement for self-determination.

Hundreds of millions of Asiatics, men and women, are, of course, still scratching the soil of the East with the old primitive ploughs, and spinning their flax in their tiny cottages, just as they did three thousand years ago. But even they are now beginning to feel "the wind on the heath"—the new ideas that are blowing where they list through the world. Here, once again, modern inventions hasten the process. Even the illiterate, unreading masses are influenced. A new Chinese script has for instance been invented, and adopted by the Government, so simple that a village peasant can learn it quickly. After three weeks in bed, say, in a mission hospital with nothing else to do, he can go out from the hospital, back to his village, able to read to his wide-eyed, wondering neighbours the

New Testament that he has in his pocket and any news of the world that comes to him printed in the modern script.

Even people who cannot read at all are having their minds changed. In some parts of the Far East there are more cinemas in proportion to the population than there are in London. And the film tells to the people of every Asiatic race in the language that any man, woman or child, however ignorant, can understand—*i.e.* the language of the picture—the story of the world's life. The "Deadwood Dick" Wild West cowboy type of film has so stung the imagination of the Chinese boy of sixteen that he has been firing off revolvers in Buffalo Bill's best style, and a censorship has had to be established in some centres to stop the import of this sort of drama. The film flickers before the eyes of the East not only the wild feats of Buffalo Bill and the antics of Charlie Chaplin, the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race and Sherlock Holmes, but the race-conflict (as in the prize-fight between the negro Siki and the Frenchman Carpentier), and the passionate romances of the West, that degrade the white woman in the eyes of the East. He contemplates with oriental reflectiveness the battle scenes of the Somme and the surrender of the German navy. Behind those impassive, inscrutable faces, as they sit in their cinemas or study in their class-rooms, the new thoughts of the West are creating fresh ambitions for the East.

It is then broadly true to say—on all these and other grounds—that all the peoples on the Pacific sea-board of Asia are swinging out of their ancient seclusion and away from their ancestral ways into the full tides of the world's life. Did ever richer Armada sail out to new adventure on the waters of time ?

At the head of that movement sails Japan—the enigma of the Pacific ; rich, confident, radiating an intellectual freshness, happy in her new-found authority in the world. Yet she retains the fine sporting traditions from her old fighting Samurai leadership with its Bushido system so curiously parallel to the knighthood of King Arthur's Round Table. Men wondered sometimes if Japan might become the new Prussia of the East—for an arrogant militarism of the mailed fist type dominated her councils for some years. The baffling problems, however, of the new labour-millions in the factories and slums of Kobe, Osaka and Tokyo, and the swift, urgent rising tide of young international thought is with irresistible pressure ousting that old, cruder militarism.

The world's new, prodigious object-lessons are not lost on wise young Japan. With the sagacious eyes of the East she has watched four imperial militarist thrones crash to the earth, and break into fragments — the thrones of the German, Austrian, Turkish and Russian Empires. She sees the whole planet completely encircled by a ring of republics—

France, Germany, Russia, China, the United States of America. She watches the sole remaining great Western empire—Britain—a commonwealth of free nations under a liberal monarchy granting increasing liberty and responsibility to its subject peoples. As a result her best younger leadership desires not to stand defiantly in antagonism to the West, but in confident dignity to share in its councils and policies.

China is, of course, politically—simply broken china. Those swashbuckling, swaggering Tuchuns, each like a mediæval Rhine baron, picturesque but brutal, rule the sections of China with a rough high hand. They crush every drop of taxation from the people and then fling them aside like a squeezed orange. The writs of the Government at Peking do not run far beyond the walls of their *yamen*.

China will, however, be one again. Her history makes it certain. Look at the Chinese people, one race living in one unbroken land watered by two immense rivers. When the British were woad-painted, skin-clad, wolf-hunting tribes, China was one people under one government, with an already old culture. With one outlook of mind and habit of life, with roughly one religious outlook, one general civilization, the house of China can never be “divided against itself” for long. The root-peril of China in the new world was that her eyes were on the past and not the present, not to speak of the future. She is now broken by the shock of the

sudden crash of new ideas. After staying still for a thousand years she leapt from an ancient autocracy to a modern republic in a month. But when you look in the face of her men and women and see the sturdy practical common sense, the endurance, the industry, you are sure with complete certainty that China will again become one and strong. When she does so she will become, by the size of her territory, the immensity of her population, her inexhaustible mineral resources and the deep, quiet wisdom of her ancient culture, one of the mightiest forces in the world.

Will she be a force for war or peace, for world-race-conflict or world-comradeship ? It was just these indescribably wonderful possibilities that lie before China that made that great social reformer, Dr Barnett, after a lifetime spent in the slums of East London, startle his friends (as he lay brooding over the world in his last hours), by repeating again and again as his final conviction—not some new truth about the slums—but this : “ The future history of the world depends more than anything else upon this : how Christianity is presented to China.”

III

That is the wonder-world of new Asia which we see as we gaze down upon it from our eyrie in the moon. A startling contrast, however, meets us

directly we turn our glass on to the lands of the white man.

Starting from China we discover first, not a true white man's land, but the Philippines, governed by the United States of America. It is an archipelago about the size of Great Britain, said to be the richest in resources in the world. It has a population of ten millions and could nourish eighty millions.

We move our view now to the south, to a sub-continent—Australia—on whose surface of three million square miles only five and a half million inhabitants are found, a population less than that of Greater London. Of these five and a half million inhabitants more than half live in six capital cities. Apart from her great deserts Australia reveals wide areas of pasture and arable land sparsely populated by white people and here and there punctuated by beautiful cities. *Japan is one-twentieth of the size of Australia and has ten times its population.* In spite of its desert areas, Australia could certainly easily support twenty to twenty-five times its present population.

In New Zealand we find again an area inhabited for the most part by white people with a sprinkling of the aboriginal Maoris and with a population of not much more than a million in a region almost comparable in size, climate and resources with the British Isles.

We now move our telescope rapidly to the north-east, over the six thousand five hundred miles that separate Wellington and New Zealand from

Vancouver and Canada. We find ourselves looking at British Columbia on the Pacific sea-front of Canada. British Columbia alone has a fretted sea-board longer than that of the United States, and its area is over 890,000 square miles. With fertile territory equal to France and Spain combined the population of British Columbia is little more than that of the city of Birmingham in England. Yet the forces of her salmon-teeming rivers could, if harnessed, equip a continent with electric light and power. She has over 180 million acres of forest and woodland. Her fisheries, along her fiord coast, are said to eclipse in capacity those of the whole Atlantic. In one only of her wonderful coal-fields she can yield 10,000,000 tons a year for a thousand years. In her virgin forests and prairies there is enough fertile soil for harvests of grain and fruit to feed a thousand times her present population.

The whole Dominion of Canada—which in size almost exactly equals Europe—has a population of only eight millions—much less than, for instance, little Korea or the Shantung peninsula of China, either of which could be placed in one of Canada's lakes as an island.

California (the Pacific littoral of the United States) where San Francisco faces Yokohama across 4500 miles of water, is, in comparison with either Japan, China or India, another centre of a relatively sparsely populated area. The population of the

United States of America, though more than a dozen times as great as that of Canada, is, indeed, as compared with that of China as a town to a great city; for the United States with three million square miles of territory has 105,000,000 inhabitants, whereas China with half the land—1,500,000 square miles—has well over 400,000,000 inhabitants.

Running southward swiftly from Mexico past Panama to Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Chile, we discover in Central and South America a continent with a climate ranging from the more than tropical luxuriance of the Amazon down to the biting wintry storm-harassed rocks of Cape Horn; it is a country with a sparse population of American Indians (the semi-enslaved degenerate descendants of a sturdy race) and of a mixed race—Spanish and Portuguese blended with Indian and negro.

Looking afresh then at the scene as a whole, and trying to envisage it from the elevated and detached position of a scientist in the moon, we see a broad fluttering tide of human beings in Asia pressed by the urgent drive of their own incredible multitude eastward and southward toward the other shores of the Pacific—the relatively sparsely populated lands of America and the open spaces of Australasia.

IV

We have here then—in a congested Asia alive with new ambitions and powers, and in an America and Australasia semi-populated with white folk

belonging to an alien civilization—the raw material of a catastrophic race-migration of unexampled magnitude and menace to the peace of the world.

We see, on one side, Japan, China and India in the situation of countries that must—and in fact do—automatically overflow their boundaries. We see, on the other side, the white man's lands half empty. What can stop the swamping of the minority of whites by the tidal waves of Asia's millions?

Already these races have spilt over the brim into the areas round about. In Hawaii half-way across the Pacific there are now as many Japanese as there are Hawaiians. Japan has made the Marshall and Caroline Islands almost Asiatic and her population is spreading into the American Philippine Islands.

The Chinese unless held back would automatically submerge the original races of islands like the Samoa group. They have poured their virile persistent population into all the lands from Singapore through Java down the Malay Archipelago. In Singapore you may see the Chinese merchant in his Rolls-Royce, the Chinese shopkeeper in his Ford and the Chinese coolie pushing his creaking wheelbarrow. They may not politically govern the land, but they come very near to possessing it. In the Fijian Islands, where the white planter has created a demand for cheap, abundant labour, 40 per cent of the population is Indian.

These are relatively tiny symptoms of the vaster movement ; for Japan and China look farther across the seas, and their enormous overflowing populations confront an Australia and a New Zealand, a South America, a United States of America and a Canada, largely unpopulated in comparison with their own dense masses of humanity.

Left to the untrammelled influence of purely natural forces such as have operated in race-migrations¹ throughout history there would (now that the oceans have been almost annihilated by steamships) be a great race-migration from Asia on to all the surrounding continents.²

California and British Columbia already have their Asiatic populations, and no shipyard can be found in Peru or Chile without its Japanese artisans hammering, sawing, planing and screwing.

But Australia in 1900 bolted and barred the door against Asiatic labour immigration. This was an expression not only of general political policy, but of the certainty felt by white labour that the cheaper Japanese and Chinese workmen, living on a little rice and having no luxuries, would swiftly undercut and eliminate the white artisan by the sheer pressure of economic law. British Columbia, realizing the immense attractiveness of her vacant spaces of

¹ E.g., the race-migrations that carried the Anglos and Saxons into Britain ; the Goths and Vandals into Rome ; and Europeans into America.

² Africa is one of these continents to which Asia has been migrating ; but it will be dealt with, in this book, separately and later.

fertile territory, resists the flood-tide of Asiatic immigration with legislative lock-gates; the same is true of the United States. This legislation is based rather on economic and social tests than on race-discrimination, but aims at race-protection. In a word, the white countries have issued their decree—"Thus far and no farther."

But suppose this question of immigration could be brought before a great tribunal of the nations.

The Asiatic would put his case thus :

"We fought with you through the war. A million Indians enlisted freely without conscription during the period of the war, and fought and died in France and Flanders, in Salonica and on Gallipoli, in Mesopotamia, on the hills of Palestine, and in nearly every quarter of Africa.

"Scores of thousands of Chinese came across the world. They hewed wood, drew water, broke stones, drained marshes, laid roads, and built railways for the Allied forces on the Western front. Japan with her navy, and in some small degree with her land forces, took part from the beginning in the great contest.

"You can use us when you want us to lay down our lives to defend you. We can enter your territories then. You even draw us in, as you have done in Fiji and Africa, when you want cheap labour. But you try to exclude us from political life and from holding land in your territory, in your cities and on your farms. We cannot be

content to be your tool for ever. 'Self-determination' is our motto as it is yours. You penetrate our shores; why should we not penetrate yours? If you exclude us from yours, we will exclude you from ours. You say yours is the higher civilization; has that been demonstrated?"

Where the races have actually mingled, as in Fiji, the ferment boils up into not only strikes, but conflict. In Fiji, for instance, in February 1920 the sixty thousand Indians demanded equal rights with the whites and declared themselves to be as good as they. And the disturbance was only at last put down by sheer military force.

On the other side, however, there is an implacable resistance. Arguments have been put with real power by the Prime Ministers of the areas in question. If we take them in the order that we have followed in this book we listen first to Mr Bruce, Prime Minister of Australia (1923). Speaking of the "White Australia" policy he said—

It is not a policy founded on feelings of race or colour, but it is motived by economic considerations which appear to us to be clear and cogent.

Asiatic immigrants would be able to work and support life with what, to them, would represent a high degree of comfort, under conditions and for wages which would make it impossible for workers of European descent, accustomed to European standards, to compete with them. If, therefore, Asiatic immigrants were admitted, it would be impossible to provide employment for Europeans. They would inevitably be ousted from the labour

market, and our population, and with it our institutions and our civilization, would gradually lose their original European character, which we are naturally determined to do all in our power to preserve. It is for this reason that the Commonwealth Parliament has passed enactments which effectively prohibit the immigration of Indian or other Asiatic settlers or labourers.

The Prime Minister of New Zealand (Mr Massey) has spoken in similar terms—

If there is or ever has been any objection to Asiatics coming to New Zealand, these objections have been raised for economic reasons. . . . The workers in New Zealand are naturally anxious to maintain the present standard of living, and if there happens to be a large influx of Asiatics at any time they have an idea that such standards might become lowered. . . . There is no such thing as race prejudice or anything of that sort.

Mr Mackenzie King, the Prime Minister of Canada, has put the same point with even greater precision. He said—

So far as British Columbia is concerned the problem is not a racial one; it is purely an economic problem. The Labour forces in British Columbia are very strong. . . . What the Labour people are aiming at is to maintain certain industrial standards which they have sacrificed much to acquire. As regards some of those who have come from other countries they are rather fearful, until at least they have resided for some time in Canada and have acquired our method of living, our customs, habits and so forth, that to give them the rights of franchise in full may mean that the standard already maintained may be undermined.

If we read the words of those three Prime Ministers carefully, they throw up for us in the most vivid way a startling idea. They declare with astonishing unanimity that really there is no race problem as a problem of race—*i.e.* of colour, etc.—as such. Each one asserts explicitly that the problem is one of wage-competition. That is to say, the conflict is one in the sphere of economics. That seems to simplify the problem enormously. But does it really do so ? For if we drive our question a stage further back and say, “Why is there this wage-competition ?” the answer is immediate and clear—“Because the Asiatic standard of life is economically lower.” And if we ask, “Why is the standard lower ?” we get back to the customs, the religion, the idea of life, the whole make-up of the civilization of the people.

What we see, in a word, is two differing standards of civilization confronting each other across the Pacific Ocean. Neither desires to be destroyed. Each asks for expression. And the white man being in the minority has a special fear that a tidal race-migration may swamp him.

We find ourselves therefore—as we look upon the shores of the Pacific Ocean—on the horns of a great dilemma. The Asiatic claims the right to migrate. That claim, standing alone, might be resisted ; but behind the claim lies the vast heaped-up population like stupendous tidal waters pressing against a frail dyke. To allow free Asiatic immigration into

the territories now covered by the whites around the Pacific, and to allow political representation in those territories, would submerge Western civilization. Yet to resist permanently the pressure and will for expansion of a thousand millions of people is a task that has never yet been attempted, and it is one which no sane man would willingly confront, if an alternative course lay open to him.

If to accept is impossible, to resist may be world-suicide.

What are we to do ?

CHAPTER III

“ SOMETHING NEW OUT OF AFRICA ”

THE fascinated Roman pro-consul, when he declared that there was “always something new out of Africa,” was thinking of the strange—indeed almost incredible animals that men captured and brought out of the unknown heart of Africa to startle even that blasé old Mediterranean world. Indeed this perpetual African game of springing a new zoological surprise on the world was—as Aristotle said—proverbial with the Greeks themselves.

The Continent of Surprise, however, has given to this last generation the unique wonder of watching the vastest, the strangest and most mysterious of all lands thrown open for the first time to the gaze and the grasp of the world.

I

If we stand on a ridge of contemplation for a moment to get a true and steady perspective of history, it seems incredible that Africa south of the Sahara should have remained for so many centuries almost unknown to the northern white world. There she hung, an immense pear-shaped pendant, at the feet of Europe, so near as to be

visible across the narrow Straits of Gibraltar. Of course, north of the Sahara her story was, in ancient and then in mediæval times, linked closely up with that of Rome and Spain. Hannibal took Africans with him from Carthage through the Maritime Alps of Europe and across to conquer Rome. Rome (and Greece before her) colonized in North Africa and used the black soldiers to fight imperial battles. But south of the Sahara, though there was in the Sudan a vigorous civilization (half negro, half Berber) for centuries till the Moors broke it up, Africa was to the outside world not a continent but a broken coast-line.

The daring sea-explorers in their wooden craft—Prince Henry the Navigator, Roderick Diaz, Vasco da Gama and the rest—sailed feverishly along her “hot mysterious coasts” bringing back gold dust and black captives. The lure of Africa called them irresistibly on—her gold and ivory, her peoples for their slaves. England heard the call, and we find Shakespeare’s Ancient Pistol crying in *Henry V*—

A foute for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

But they never penetrated her outer defences. The fever-charged stiletto of the mosquito held them at bay. Africa remained at heart the impenetrable Sphinx hiding her secret.

The story of the hideous cruelty of the slave-trade opened. Prince Henry took slaves “in order that they might become Christians.” Britain,

Portugal, Spain and France joined in the lucrative, loathsome trade in human flesh. Behind the coast African chiefs raided the villages of other African chiefs for slaves in a hellish competition of bloody cruelty.

Meanwhile Columbus had discovered America. It developed its resources till, with the invention of the cotton-gin, "cotton became king" in the Southern States. To supply the hunger for plentiful cheap labour in the cotton fields shipload after shipload of shackled negroes, sweltering in the foetid holds of slave ships, sailed from Africa to America. This merchandise of men and women, boys and girls, made the wealth of Liverpool and Bristol. In those ships—if men could only have seen it—there passed to America her tremendous and inescapable race-problem of to-day—the negro.

Gradually through two centuries the persistent voice of Christian pioneers in America and Europe and Britain after a long and bitter fight convinced many nations of the evil of the slave-trade and of slavery itself.¹

Then came the movement that opened the new life of Africa. The sea-explorers of the coast were followed by the land-explorers: Mungo Park, Clapperton, Burton, Speke, Baker, Barth (the German), Grant and others who broke into North and West Africa in the early and middle years of

¹ See Sir Frederick Lugard, *The Dual Mandate in British Tropical Africa* (Chapters XVII and XVIII).

the nineteenth century. The opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 brought all East Africa much closer to Europe. The most wonderful penetration was, however, made from the south. David Livingstone sailed from Glasgow in 1840 to serve with Robert Moffat as a medical missionary in South Africa. He and his contemporaries opened up the marvels of the land of lakes and rivers, forest and mountains, inhabited by unnumbered tribes of Africans of many types.

Who are the peoples first revealed to the gaze of the white world in the journeys of those dauntless explorers of the lands of Africa, from the Niger and the Nile to the Congo and the Zambezi and Orange rivers ? We tend to say " negro " for all the peoples living in Africa. It would be just as sensible to say " German " for all the separate and very different Nordic, Alpine, Mediterranean and Slav races living in Europe. In Africa there is no pure race anywhere. Here is a vast continent three times the size of Europe. In it at least six great races¹ are

¹ These races are—running from North to South—as follows :—
the *Semite* (the Arab and negroid Arab who has influenced Africa for at least 2000 years) ; the *Hamite*, a tall, sinewy, broad-shouldered, reddish-brown, straight-nosed, thin-lipped trader and wanderer ; the *Negro*, a burly, long-armed, short-legged, black, woolly-haired, broad- and flat-nosed man with projecting lips and jaws ; the *Bantu*, a mixed race (probably a fusion of Hamites and Negroes)—by far the greatest of the African peoples ; the *Bushman*, a merry, very primitive, music-loving soul, about five feet high, slim, sinewy, with broad forehead, flat nose and wide mouth and rusty woolly tufty hair ; and the *Hottentot*, the real South African (with a Bushman strain and probably some Hamitic blood in him)—some five feet six inches tall, ranging in

so mingled that, though all are distinct in parts, each is blended with the others in other parts.

Livingstone revealed, however, the tragedy of these African peoples bleeding to death. "Blood, blood, everywhere," he cried. It seems certain that slave-raiding in Livingstone's day cost Africa two million lives a year, a ghastly trail of burnt villages littered with skeletons and of wildernesses that had been gardens. The horrible slaughter of the slave-traffic was the peak of the already existing mountainous cruelty of the fetish-sacrifices of human blood, with the raiding of tribes for young folk for the sacrifices, the poison and other hideous ordeals of the witch-doctor, the inter-tribal fighting and head-hunting. Behind the witchery of her splendid forests and rivers have always lurked these indescribable horrors of the African scene.

Simultaneously Livingstone and the others caught glimpses of the astonishing resources of Africa. Britain and Europe had bred enormous populations.¹ More mouths opened hungrily than they could easily feed. So the white races needed raw material for foods and fabrics. Africa's teeming soil and her mines of precious metals and jewels promised lavish supplies.

So the "scramble for Africa" began. Its most colour from tawny to dark brown, woolly-haired, with broad flat nose and negro lips. See *Race Problems in the New Africa*, by W. C. Willoughby (Oxford University Press, 1923), the most authoritative book on this subject.

¹ See Chap. I.

hectic years were from 1890 to 1900. In France, Belgium and Germany the governments led the way. In Britain the government held back till public opinion forced the pace. The British trading companies (the Royal Niger Company, the East African Company and the Chartered Company in the South) and the increasing slave scandal of the Arabs made occupation inevitable. First came the protectorates; then crown colonies and other direct government control. The land under the three British trading companies alone added over one million square miles, with more than twenty-five million inhabitants to the British Empire.

The Great War carried the process a step farther. Germany was struck off the map of Africa: her territories were put under the trusteeship of France, Belgium, Britain and the Union of South Africa, as stewards responsible to the League of Nations. So from the Cape to the Sahara and from the Niger and Congo to Zanzibar all tropical Africa was divided among the European powers.¹

It was a strange bewildering process, in which were blended the spiritual adventure of a David Livingstone; the empire-building commercial architecture of a Cecil Rhodes; the bloody and filthy cruelty (born of the lust of wealth) in the Congo, under the regime of Leopold of Belgium.

¹ For details see Sir Charles Lucas, *The Partition and Colonization of Africa* (Clarendon Press, 1922); Sir Harry Johnston, *The Opening Up of Africa* (Williams & Norgate); and Sir Frederick Lugard, *The Dual Mandate in British Tropical Africa* (Blackwood, 1922).

II

Black Africa has become a dependency of white Europe : but the tie is now far closer than one of political rule.

The one thing that is impossible now and for evermore is for the white and the African peoples to separate their lives. Africa will more and more be a central part of the life of the white peoples. Especially is this true of the British people ; for, from the Upper Nile to the Cape of Good Hope, one unbroken British rule runs over some thirty-five millions of Africans of all races, through the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika Territory, Nyassaland, Rhodesia, Bechuanaland, South-west Africa and the Union of South Africa. Britain's African territory, when we have brought in British Somaliland, Nigeria, the Gold Coast, Gambia and Sierra Leone,¹ is larger than Europe.

Railways pour the rubber and the cotton, the cocoa and the ivory, from the hinterland to the wharves, where tramp ships lie with empty hulls waiting to be filled for America and Europe. To-day convoys of motor-lorries and freight-trains thunder down from the interior bearing a hundred tons, where twenty years ago a score of men walked single file each carrying a hundred pounds.

At the morning tub we use soaps made with African nut-oils. Our shirt may be of cotton grown

¹ See map, p. 24.

by brown hands in Egypt or in the cotton belt of Africa or in America. It is from the soil of Africa and from the labouring hands of Africans that we take the coffee on the breakfast table. We owe to the African an inexhaustible catalogue of necessities: the African oak and leather of our chairs; the rubber of the golf-ball, the bat-handle, or the tennis ball, of the heels of our shoes or the tyres of our motor-cycle. The timber of many school desks and office furnishings comes to us by African labour. The gold that is the basis of the currency that we use is mined by Kafirs (for a seventh of the world's whole store of gold comes from Africa). Black hands give to us the ivory of the knife-handle or the billiard ball; the leather of our shoes or football or cricket ball; the African fruits (bananas, apples, oranges, apricots, grapes and a score of others) that we take at lunch or dinner; the cup of cocoa and box of chocolates (for West Africa is the greatest cocoa-producing area in the world); the spices in our foods; much of the sugar and the sweetmeats. From Africa comes the oil-cake, with which our cattle are fed and our milk thus produced in the winter; the margarine, which has replaced butter for many millions of members of the white races; and even the raw material of the explosive which flung the shells that blasted Vimy Ridge.

III

The Labour Problem.—The labour of producing these raw materials for the white world is revolutionizing the African. The horn of the motor-lorry, the whistle of the railway-engine, the buzz of the steam-saw, the rattle of the crushing mills, sound where his fathers only heard the roar of the lion and the chatter of parrots and monkeys. There have been more drastic changes in the life of the African peoples during the fifty years between the death of Livingstone and the death of Khama, than from the days when King Solomon sent his slaves to mine gold in Ophir to the coming of Livingstone. That labour works under two systems.

First—and this prevails in British West Africa most of all—the native cultivates and gathers the cocoa, rubber or oil, and sells it to the white merchant for export, buying in return the manufactured fabrics and hardware and other goods from the white man. When we come to grapple with the problem of the African's capacity to work and to progress this fact is of great importance. For as Sir Hugh Clifford, Governor of Nigeria, says—

Cocoa cultivation is in the Gold Coast and in Ashanti a purely native industry; there is hardly an acre of European-owned cocoa-garden in the territories under the administration of this Government—this remarkable achievement of a unique position as a producer of one of the world's great

staples assumes in my opinion a special value and significance.¹

The second method of securing products is that of white capital employing wage-earning African labourers. Here we see the white planter in Kenya or elsewhere in solar topee, shirt and shorts, directing the Africans' work; and the white manager of mines ruling the work of Africans recruited by the hundred thousand from tribal villages far away.

This African labour is worked either by free contract with the individual labourer, as on the Gold Reef or in Kenya Colony; or by forced labour, as in the pestilential slavery systems of Portuguese West Africa.

To allow forced labour to prevail would simply mean that the old way of slave-trading by deporting negroes to other lands would be replaced by the new way of working the negroes as slaves in their own country. In a word, Africa would become the stupendous slave-farm of the white races, which would ruin the white, as it debased the Roman Empire to its final decay and death. It is now definitely and decisively ruled, at least under the British government in Africa, that no forced labour

¹ In the seven years preceding the war the Africans of the British West Coast by *native production* from small holdings multiplied their produce by seven times, from £336,000 in 1906 to £2,489,000 in 1913; but the natives in the German Kameruns under a system of *white exploitation*, on highly organized plantations in an area twice the size of the Gold Coast, only increased from £48,000 in 1906 to £150,000 in , or a multiple of only three.

can be demanded in any territory for private enterprise, and only for public purposes (e.g. road-making or transport) under emergency conditions and on consultation in each case with the Colonial Office in London. To that course the whole world must surely come in the end.

In the realm of free labour by contract with the individual we find the outstanding example in the mines of South Africa. A quarter of a million Africans work in the gold and diamond mines of the Union of South Africa for 50s. to 70s. a month and everything found, normally on a six months' contract, which enables the African to go back to his home to gather in the harvest. Probably no better system has yet been devised than the one at work there.¹

The Land Problem.—The method, however, of dealing with the African that creates the greatest unrest and rebellious feeling is not that of forced labour; it is the method of thrusting him off from his ancestral lands, or refusing to give him a clear, secure title to the lands that he has.

The Bantu African has two loves that weave themselves into his songs and his talk and all his thought—they are the love for his land and his cattle. He will sing about these as the Persian poet sings of princesses or a Herrick sings of his lady love. Yet in parts of South Africa the native

¹ It is of course far from perfect, and the prevalence of miners' phthisis is only one of numerous ills still waiting solution.

has been thrown off much of his land, and therefore divorced also from his cattle. In other parts of Africa—as in Kenya Colony for instance—he sees himself since the war thrust from his highlands by the white settler.

“When I enlisted in the war,” he says, “you made great promises to me. The war has long been over and the Allies won it; but I find new taxes on my huts, new and higher prices to pay for my goods, a new invasion of white settlers on my lands and Indians competing with me in my trades. I have had no other reward.”

Here—as everywhere—it is fear and insecurity and a sense of injustice that are the parents of unrest and race-hatred.

It is often retorted that to leave the negro on his land is to condemn Africa to perpetual backwardness and infertility through his laziness and his lack of organizing capacity. The figures given above about cocoa produce on the Gold Coast sharply challenge this view.

Sir Frederick Lugard, ex-Governor of Nigeria, says—

It has long been the fashion to speak of the African as naturally lazy, leaving work to his women, and contented to lie in the sun and eat and drink. It would seem, however, that there are few races which are more naturally industrious. . . . The labour expended in collecting and preparing for export some £4,000,000 worth of palm produce in the Southern Provinces of Nigeria, and of £1,500,000

worth of ground nuts for the Northern Provinces, must be prodigious. . . . No white man could ever carry so heavy a load or for so long a distance as he does without over-fatigue, and at heavy earth-work with his own implements he can show good results. At skilled trades he is an apt pupil. In West Africa natives trained as apprentices man the work-shops and the printing-offices, and make efficient turners, fitters, smiths and ships' carpenters, and even engineers of launches.¹

The whole issue has been crystallized in sentences that carry conviction by Captain Orr in his *The Making of Nigeria*. He says, "The whole question of industry and idleness depends almost entirely on incentive. When the African native is given an incentive to work, he will work in a way that is sometimes almost astounding."

Booker Washington put the matter in a nutshell when he said, "There is all the difference in the world between working and being worked."

The legend of the African's superlative laziness is similar to the views about his savagery, sensuality and superstitious stupidity. They rest, first, on a partial and lopsided view of his history, of what is going on inside his brain now, of his present attainments and of his capacity for progress. Not only so. It is literally true to say, "The negro *cannot* do this, that or the other," while his mind is swaddled and bound in the fears that dog him through life—the perpetual dread of witchcraft

¹ *The Dual Mandate in British Tropical Africa*.

sorcery and demons.¹ It is, however, equally true and necessary to say that when the African has escaped those dreads and has received the one thing that "drives out fear"—a real Christian education—his sheer mental capacity and his powers of organizing leap forward. This has been shown for instance through Tuskegee, Hampton and other American colleges. Lord Bryce said that the American negro had developed more in sixty years than the Anglo-Saxons did in six centuries. Beginnings have also been made on similar lines in Africa, in Lovedale, Tigerkloof and other great Christian public schools and colleges.

Out of the shock and jostling of the new contacts in the world of labour an intense antagonism between the white races and the African peoples is flaming up in some parts of Africa. Yet in other parts of Africa we discover little or no race-hatred.

What is the cause of the anger in the one place and the friendliness in the other?

The race-hatred of South Africa and Rhodesia is due to three things mainly: the loss of land, the refusal of a share in government, and the refusal by white labour of the African's right to do skilled work. By law there is no colour-bar; in practice white labour insists on the colour-bar.²

¹ It has now been finally proved by the newer psychology that fears (phobia) working in the subconsciousness paralyse and stunt the powers of the mind.

² A recent judgment (1923) of the Supreme Court of the Transvaal has declared that the restriction of skilled labour to white men by the

It is their sense of injustice in regard to standards of labour and wages, land-holding and the vote, that has brought about the growth in the black peoples—for the first time in all their history—of *a sense of their own oneness as a race*. Divided by even thousands of miles of land (and in the case of the American negro by three thousand miles of water) they have never had a consciousness of common racial life till to-day. But now they have it. In remote arteries of the negro world, through the African and the American negroes' life the pulse of race-consciousness tingles.

IV

The gathering together of a “Pan-African Congress” at Paris under the presidency of M. Diagne—a native African, and Deputy for Senegal—during the Versailles Conference of 1920, to formulate a policy for the relations of the negro and white races, is a symptom of this growing African unity. The Congress was not really fully representative in the sense that its title would suggest. But it was able to express the general demand of the awakened negro, the gist of which is the desire for (1) an international code of laws for the protection of natives and (2) a permanent secretariat in the

“Colour Bar” regulation of the Mines Works and Machinery Act of 1911 is *ultra vires*. This ruling has struck a blow at the heart of the old position by proving its illegality. But its practical application will be slow and steadily resisted.

League of Nations to see to the application of these laws.

In America causes similar to those operating in Africa have been at work to create discontent and race-feeling—social ostracism of the negro, political disability, economic exclusion from high grades of work, a whole body of custom and law that sets up different standards for the negro and for the white.

If we ask “What does the American negro want ?” the answer is quite clear.—First, education. Secondly, equal industrial opportunities, *i.e.* “equal opportunity to work at just wages and under fair conditions.”¹ Thirdly, a share in electing their government. Fourthly, security from mob violence and prejudiced legal decisions. Fifthly—and this lies at the root of things—they desire passionately to be freed from the perpetual ostracism and degradation that labels them as though they were members of another and a lower, almost a sub-human species. It is important to appreciate this issue from the negro point of view. Let us look at an example.

A full-blooded negro friend of mine, who served in France with the American negro troops during the war, received a telegram recently from two of his white friends asking if he could come over to them—some hundreds of miles across America—for a day’s conference. He came, travelling through the night, spent the day in counsel, and journeyed

¹ *The Trend of the Races*, G. E. 1

back again through the night to his lecturing. My friend, who was a prince of high rank among the Fanti tribe, was educated in a Christian school on the west coast of Africa. He is now a graduate doctor of philosophy of Columbia by examination (one of the most distinguished degrees in America) and a university lecturer, but—because of his colour—he was obliged to travel both ways sitting up in a “Jim Crow” car, as no sleeping berth on the railway was available for negroes. He was a few months later in a South African city and had to cross the city hurriedly to give evidence at a committee of white men. He attempted to board a tramcar, but was roughly pushed off as a negro. He tells you, laughing, how the joke was against the whites, as he had to take a taxi at the expense of the white committee. Sailing later from Africa to England he was told by the dining-room steward that he must not sit at any table with the white folk—some of whom on board were his close friends. The joke (he declares) was again against the white man, for he had a table and therefore a waiter to himself, instead of sharing him with eleven others !

How many white men, however, would rise to his humorous acceptance of the insulting segregation of one's self as a member of a lower race, when in educational attainment, in princely birth, in sensitiveness of spirit and in cultural habit he is superior to the majority of the people who thrust him aside ?

Would not most of us in such circumstances

flame with a sense of injustice into burning resentment? As a matter of fact, his own power to rise above these ignominies is purely spiritual—it rests on a sturdy and radiant Christianity. And as a result he uses all his educational influence, his quite extraordinary powers of racy, convincing oratory, and his wit and wisdom as a committee man—in fact his whole life—in the interests of co-operation and mutual understanding between the races.¹

When we have summed up all the desires of the American negro—education, economic justice, the ballot, security, freedom from ostracism—they crystallize into one demand, *i.e.* for liberty and the opportunity for self-development, self-expression and self-determination. In a word, *they make common cause with every people in the world that is under white tutelage to-day in the cry for self-determination.*

How then does the American negro propose to attempt to achieve this aim? Broadly speaking, there are three great schools of thought advocating widely divergent methods of campaign. One school, which has gained strength enormously since the war, is out for militant aggressive agitation—vehement, fiery propaganda that will even break out into the use of organized force if need be.

¹ In January 1924 he became a leading advisory member of an important international Education Commission which went to Africa (East and Central) to go into the whole question of education in Africa.

This school is brilliantly led by the outstanding negro writer and orator, Burghardt Du Bois, who (speaking after the war) thus sums up his vision of the fight of the "subject races": "Wild and awful as this shameful war was, it is nothing to compare with that fight for freedom which black and brown and yellow men must and will make unless their oppression and humiliation and insult at the hands of the White World cease. The Dark World is going to submit to its present treatment just as long as it must and not one moment longer."¹

Yet Du Bois is ready for co-operation in an educational process if the white man will *bona fide* move toward the uplifting of negro standards.

Very different is the hoarse vibrant voice of Marcus Garvey, native of the West Indies, creator of the Negro Improvement Association and the African Communities League with *The Negro World* as its organ, floater of the non-effective "Black Star" liners, whose propaganda has nevertheless, by the mysterious "wireless" of the negro peoples, reached even the remoter hinterlands of Africa.

Marcus Garvey is a tremendous demagogue. The following sentences, hurled at an audience of 20,000 negroes, are characteristic:—

"What is good for the white man is good for the negro—namely, freedom, liberty, and democracy. We have no apology, no compromise to offer. If

¹ For Burghardt Du Bois' point of view see his *Darkwater* and

the English claim England, the French France, and the Italians Italy, as their native habitat, then the negroes claim Africa, and will shed blood for their claim. We shall draw up a Bill of Rights for all negro races, with a constitution to govern their destinies."

Then he clinched his argument with this diabolically inflammatory sentence:—

"The bloodiest of all wars is yet to come, when Europe will match its strength against Asia, and that will be the negroes' opportunity to draw the sword for Africa's redemption."

Garvey with his purple robes of the "President of the African Republic" (as he styles himself) and his noisy movement are on the negro side what the Ku Klux Klan movement with its cowled night-riders is on the white side—a melodramatic, anarchic explosion of the more sulphurous volcanic fumes of the race-movement. Both rely on force instead of moral conviction; both are as detestable morally as they are intellectually ridiculous. But they are real perils. As Du Bois pertinently says—Had Garvey been a man of "first-rate ability, canny, shrewd, patient, dogged, he might have brought a world war of races a generation nearer. He might have deprived civilization of a precious *generation of respite where we have yet time to sit and consider if differences of human colour must necessarily mean blows and blood.*"¹

¹ *Century Magazine*, February 1923. The italics are ours.

Garvey has been indicted by a Federal Grand Jury in New York and given five years' imprisonment for using the American postal system to defraud investors in his Black Star Line enterprise.

There is, however, the third great school of thought—that powerful strain in the new negro movement which began in the great personality of Booker Washington, the head of Tuskegee Institution, and is carried on among many able men and women by his successor, Principal Moton. It is the principle of (a) pressing forward the education of the negro in the faith that as he becomes more efficient he will win an ever-increasing place in the life of his country and (b) co-operation with the white man by processes demanding infinite patience on both sides. It is a long, slow process, but it is the only one that builds on real rock. It is the line which Dr Aggrey, the young Christian negro professor whose experiences are related above¹ is both preaching and practising.

It is being worked out in America now, not only in the splendid educational colleges like Hampton and Tuskegee, but in an intensely interesting movement that is establishing in many centres influential, civic, inter-racial groups, whose members meet together to thresh out their local as well as national race-problems—and with remarkable success.

Our judgment on this third movement will be decided by our attitude to education. If, as the

¹ See pp. 72-3. (Note to 19th Impression: Dr Aggrey died on July 30th, 1927.)

writer believes, the outlook and the powers of a whole people can be transformed by a really adapted education, then the African can be equipped to stand shoulder to shoulder with the other races in a world co-operation. An education, we mean, that will equip him to be for the first time his best self.

The education of the African has barely begun—education in handicraft and agriculture, homecraft and health, in religion and in music, *education for life*. Yet it has already achieved miracles. The Christian schools for instance in Uganda have made out of a tortured people, under a bloodthirsty tyranny that burned boys alive and chopped off their hands as they burned, a free, happy nation with its feet at least on the lower rungs of the ladder of real progress. The white governments in Africa have so far barely touched the education of the African. Indeed over 90 per cent of all education there is given by missionary societies. To-day, however, the British Colonial Office has taken the epoch-marking step of appointing a powerful educational committee to develop its African responsibilities, not separately from but in association with the missionary societies.

VI

So we see flung up in America and Africa the stark outline of the problem of black and white in those continents. We can solve it if we can give justice and equality of opportunity to the African

and the American negro. "Equality" does not involve equal attainment nor even—immediately—equal political status, any more than the essential equality of boys in a school means no prefects and no fags. "Brotherhood" does not necessarily mean intermarriage.

Equality and brotherhood do mean, however, equal justice and the opportunity to develop and exercise all the faculties given to each man by God. They do not mean that all the men in a college get into the Rugby or cricket team or pull off a First Class in Final Schools; but that all the men have an equal chance, and can develop and exercise every faculty of body, mind and spirit; and that they all belong to the college and it to them.

Applied to Africa this really means just what the League of Nations Covenant gathers up in Article XXII: that "the tutelage of nations not yet able to stand by themselves must be entrusted to advanced nations who are best able to undertake it," and that "*the well-being and development of peoples not yet able to stand by themselves forms a sacred trust of civilization.*"

To work out those ideals on the actual soil of Africa in detailed administration is a long and difficult process. To that aim the British Commonwealth of Nations, with its officials in Africa, is committed. The white nations governing in Africa are all in the League of Nations and have all signed the Covenant in Article XXII where those ideals

are summed up. They are being worked out in many of the territories—though not at all in some and not completely anywhere. The permanent Mandates Commission overhauls the reports on these territories every year, and the publicity—though often painful—is very wholesome.

America also is, by the very constitution on which she has built her life, committed to the same ideal, which has perhaps never been more fitly expressed than by Sir Frederick Lugard, in a passage since quoted by the then President of the United States (Mr Harding) in a speech in the Southern States, as seeming to him to indicate "the true way out."¹ "Here, then, is the true conception of the inter-relation of colour: complete uniformity in ideals, absolute equality in the paths of knowledge and culture, equal opportunity for those who strive, equal admiration for those who achieve; in matters social and racial a separate path, each pursuing his own inherited traditions, preserving his own race-purity and race-pride; equality in things spiritual, agreed divergence in the physical and material."

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Africa—the Sphinx-continent—stands for the first time and probably the last time in history at the fork in the road of destiny. At that fork in the road stand guides. Some call her down the steep slope of race-domination; others beckon her up the

¹ Speech at Birmingham, Alabama, 26th October 1921.

difficult hill of race-co-operation. The decision is being made inevitably in this generation.

To that decision everyone will contribute. America will play—as she is playing—a great part in it; for her experiments in the one direction and the other are being watched by the world. In Europe, in Britain and in Africa, the ordinary voting citizen, the shareholder in African companies, the government servant, the settler and planter, the trader, the missionary, the mining manager—all will share in deciding the issue. And on this issue rests the future not of the life of Africa only, but of all the white peoples with whom she and the American negro are now and for ever interdependent parts.

If and when that issue is worked out in terms of education and co-operation we shall in a splendid way never before dreamed of see—as a gift to the whole world—“something new out of Africa.”

CHAPTER IV

IND : IMP :

IND : IMP :

THOSE two clipped words are the sensational climax of the Latin inscription upon the pennies that jingle in our pockets. They stand for a race-problem that to-day directly affects the destinies of four hundred and sixty million people—the citizens, white, brown, yellow and black of the British Commonwealth of Nations. For the future of that Empire will be vitally changed in every part by the relation of India to the other parts of the British dominion.

“Emperor of India,” the penny says. The British king—with his Parliament and his people—stand in that relation directly to 250,000,000 people in British India, and indirectly to the States under Indian princes with a further 70,000,000 people, or a total of 320,000,000, making more than the population of the whole of the continents of Africa, North America and Australia.

The letters IND : IMP : are absent from the pennies till 1876, when a British monarch first became Empress of India.¹ The letters were not there in

¹ Palmerston's India Bill transferred the Government of India from the Company to the British Crown in 1858.

1875. How did they come there? Will they be there in 1975?

The story of how the British and Indian peoples came together is one of the most dramatic and fascinating in history.¹ But the conundrum of "How long is their association to continue?"—this baffling yet inescapable riddle of race which confronts us to-day—is more entrancing; for its answer depends on a great dramatic movement in which we ourselves in this generation shall be decisive actors.

I

If we could stand on the topmost peak of a Mount Everest of contemplation with the Time-Machine in our hands and look back across the perspective of India's story for some five thousand years, we should discover wave after wave of race-invasion. The rich river-plains of North India have always fascinated the hungry folk of the Afghan and Chinese highlands.

Lured by the prosperous plains, a dark folk, the Dravidian race, came in prehistoric days trailing down the mountain passes of the North-west Frontier. They drove the stone-age human packs into the remote hill-valleys and jungle-lairs where they still persist.

Another stream began to flow from the north-east—narrow-eyed, yellow-skinned Mongols. Mingling with the Dravidians of the delta-lands of the

¹ See T. R. W. Lunt, *The Quest of Nations* (Chapter IV).

Brahmaputra and the Ganges, they blended in the Bengali race.

Bright, stalwart, paler-faced men then burst through the stark defiles of the great north-western passes some three thousand five hundred years ago, a blithe, forceful, invincible race. These Aryans—or Indo-Europeans as we ought perhaps to call them—drove the Dravidian folk on to the Deccan plateau to become the industrious, non-fighting peoples of South India.

The clamour of a new and startling cry echoing in the defiles of the North-west Frontier opened the most furious and gorgeous of all India's race-invasions. "Allah Akbar!" the cry went up. "God is great," the hills replied. Mahmud the Afghan "Idol Smasher," with the green pennons of Islam fluttering, swept seventeen times in thirty years, scimitar in hand, through the red-rock passes and debouched on to the plains.

These last invaders brought a hot-blooded new race and a fiercely intolerant new faith. The Mohammedan invasions changed the life of North India. To-day from thousands of mosque minarets seventy millions of Moslems (nearly a quarter of India's whole population) are called at every dawn with the battle-cry of their race-brotherhood—

There is no God but Allah,
And Mohammed is the Apostle of Allah.

The Aryans had already created Hinduism and the caste-system. The new-comers now brought Islam

and the Moslem brotherhood. They gave India its great permanent internal race-conflict of Hindu *versus* Moslem—a clash of race and of culture that is all the fiercer because it is also religious. It runs deeper than any other division in India.

II

One day when Akbar the Great, Mogul Emperor of India,¹ ablaze with jewels and surrounded by turbanned courtiers, was seated on his throne, a white man came before him dressed in slashed raiment and ruffles, bearing a sword at his side and his plumed hat in his hand.

He came to ask a favour. Neither of the men knew that at that dramatic moment and in their persons there met the splendid climax of an old race-civilization and the simple quiet beginnings of a new race-invasion that was to eclipse all that had ever been. For the man was Sir John Mildenhall, from the court of Queen Elizabeth of England, who had sailed round the Cape of Good Hope to India to ask for privileges for the East India Company, which was formed by London merchants to trade “at their own adventures” in the East.

The immortal names of warriors like Clive, administrators like Wellesley and Macaulay, teachers and authors like Duff and Carey, and rulers like the Lawrences, whose deeds are in all our history-

¹ Akbar's reign (1556-1605) was the greatest and wisest India had known. He ruled the whole of India north of the Vindhya Hills.

books, call up the blended heroism and statecraft, spiritual genius, commercial vigour, callousness, sensitiveness and administrative "drive" by which Britain achieved a dominion in India which for the first time in all her history brought all her peoples under one rule. No one man dreamed it in its entirety; Britain certainly never realized what was happening. It was not planned: it grew.

Precisely two centuries after Sir John Mildenhall stood before Akbar the Great, Governor-General Wellesley was convinced that nothing save complete British rule in all India could bring enduring peace. Sixty years later Queen Victoria not only became the first ruler who has ever governed all India,¹ but simultaneously announced the policy of opening up to Indians places of power in the administration of their own land.

Is there any parallel to be found anywhere in history to the quiet audacity of that act?

The British genuinely believed—and for the most part believe—that their rule was as much for the good of India as for Britain. They did not go to India for the good of India. They went to India for commerce. For commerce they needed peace and order. But they were really concerned to give India what she had never yet enjoyed—protection from invasion, internal peace, security for life and property and the fruits of labour, under uniform

¹ Da Gama landed in India 1498; Mildenhall 1599; Wellesley 1798; Queen Victoria became Empress 1858.

law justly administered. It is not open to serious challenge that the military and civil service by which the British Raj has been exercised in India has—as a whole—been unexcelled for efficiency, disinterestedness and humanity in the history of the government of any one race by another people.

By a piquant irony—and with a sublime unconsciousness—the British also produced among the Indian peoples almost everything that could be imagined to equip them to throw off the British Raj. Let us watch that astonishing process which is working at top-speed to-day.

The fundamental cause of the weakness of the Indian peoples in face of race-invasion has always been disunity. The bare idea of “an Indian nation” was unthinkable in a sub-continent fifteen hundred miles wide by nineteen hundred miles long, in which live more than three hundred million people of differing races, talking a hundred and fifty languages, divided physically by hills and plateaux and deserts, broken socially into thousands of castes and sub-castes, and riven religiously by the antagonism of Moslem and Hindu.¹

The first necessity, then, for India if she was to stand alone was a real sense of unity. Britain at once began to create this by bringing into being

¹ Compare China with 400,000,000 people of one race, with no castes, talking dialects of one language, having one main faith and divided by no great physical barriers.

a numerous young leadership in different parts of India all educated and (following Lord Macaulay's famous minute) *all speaking English*: so that for the first time men from Calcutta and Peshawar, Delhi, Bombay and Madras could meet and talk in one tongue.

Even now, however, it makes us rub our eyes in incredulous amazement to see the books in which the British Government carried out that education. For they set, in the curricula of the schools and colleges, books that are the intoxicating wine of fighting nationalism clamouring for freedom. Mill on Liberty; Milton's *Areopagitica*—that immortal flaming appeal for liberty of the press; Burke on the American Colonies and the French Revolution; and, most astounding of all, Cromwell as a special subject—Cromwell the most brilliant, remorseless and successful fighter against the ruling executive in all British history! To add fuel to the fire, they educated thousands upon thousands of these boys and young men and then left them unemployed—with a sense of burning injustice and nothing to do but talk sedition.

It was a superb education if the British idea was to sting this Asiatic people into fighting the executive authority of the British to the death. But we really drop into the deepest morass of illogical stupidity if (having set such a curriculum of school and college study) we expect quiescence and are astounded and angered at the rise of an unquench-

able flame of Indian nationalism. You might as well sow sunflowers and expect violets.

The vast distances of India were another stumbling-block in the path of unity. Lord Lawrence of Mutiny fame travelled day and night from Calcutta to Delhi in a fortnight. People were amazed at the extraordinary feat. To-day, however, any Indian can make the journey in a couple of days by railway for a few rupees. From Bombay to Calcutta is 1349 miles—almost half the distance from London to New York ; but to-day an Indian sixth-form schoolboy, for instance, can leave Bombay by the “ mail ” on Saturday and be at work as an undergraduate in Calcutta University by Monday evening.

Britain has built in India 37,000 miles of railway now carrying over 500,000,000 passengers each year. In those trains you will see all India jostling—a bewildering kaleidoscope of colour and movement. Men of every conceivable caste, language, class and race—from a Prince Ranjitsinhji to an ash-smeared fakir, from a portly Parsee millionaire to a Rabindranath Tagore, from the squat, quaint, friendly, fighting Gurkha and the burly, bearded Sikh to the lank, languid intellectual Bengali. You meet agitators and officials, Brahmins and outcastes, policemen and professors. The railways all day and every day are breaking down caste and making India more conscious of her unity.

Driving on the great roads is itself a romance.

The crowded highways are the very debating ground of the thronging Indian people. The Grand Trunk Road running fifteen hundred miles from Peshawar on the Afghan frontier to Calcutta on the Ganges delta has no Asiatic parallel in history. The little roads from country railway stations along which hundreds of motor buses carry their unfamiliar dust and smell, take news of all the world to plain and jungle-villages that are a hundred miles from the railway. Those motor buses are—for the first time in Indian history—stirring the whole pulse of village life in India. And in the last resort village life is India.

How primitive is the life that they penetrate may be gauged from a story told to Mr Deaville Walker by the motor-bus driver to whom it happened.¹ “The driver saw a large tiger standing defiantly in the road. The fearless beast took no notice whatever of the hooter, and when the heavy motor bus rushed towards him at full speed, he sprang upon the bonnet, smashed the wind-screen to atoms with one stroke of his great paw, and then, losing hold, fell backwards and was crushed to death under the wheels. The terrified driver pulled up to collect his nerves!”

In the earlier days ideas travelled relatively slowly from pilgrim to merchant along the dusty, unmetalled tracks. But to-day a cobweb of tele-

graph wires links India into one nervous system. A speech made in Congress at Delhi on one day is read and discussed on the next by Indians from the Afghan frontier to the canals of Travancore and the confines of Burma. More momentous still, the ocean-cable, the wireless and the liner have taught India to "listen-in" to the world's talk and life.

In the old days a decision by the British Government reached a few dozen folk in India by sailing vessel in about three months. To-day, however, if the Secretary of State for the Colonies says of the British Empire that, "There is only one ideal that the British Empire can set before itself, and that is that there should be no barrier of race, colour, or creed which should prevent any man by merit from reaching any station if he is fitted for it,"¹ the next day sixty thousand students in India's nine universities are discussing the words in their relation to India. In twenty-four hours it is in hundreds of Indian papers (in a dozen languages) with circulations running into millions. The man who can read tells the story to the multitudes who cannot; and in a week Indians in every area of the sub-continent are agog.

As though all those fermenting forces were not enough, western and eastern capital have combined to build up with western machinery a swiftly growing industrial system in India. This is creating

¹ Mr Winston Churchill, 1921,

a new labour problem which is also a part of the race-problem.

When the new-comer to India stands (on arrival at Bombay) on the deck of a P. and O. liner he sees behind the docks a forest, not of masts, no, nor of minarets, but of factory chimneys with their grim foliage of smoke. There are in and around Bombay nearly thirty square miles of cotton mills and business warehouses with labourers' dwellings, where 166,337 people live in one-roomed tenements averaging 4·47 persons to a room. Thirteen hundred miles away on the other side of India the river Hooghli has its jute mills and other factories lining the bank for miles. In Bengal there are coalfields producing over 10,000,000 tons a year. Two to three hundred strikes a year are evidence of labour unrest and a ferment of new ideas: some extreme Bolshevik ideas brought in at the ports; others a vigorous and healthy rebellion against disgraceful conditions that are a shame and a menace to the civilizations of which they are a part. The influence of the International Labour Office of the League of Nations at Geneva—in whose councils India has a great place—is creating new Factory Acts and a higher conscience.

Thus railways, roads, buses, cables, wireless, newspapers, factories, universities and schools all combine to thrust into the stuff of Indian life everywhere the vehement working of a new leaven.

III

The war situation coming in on this India transformed the whole scene. Over a million Indians voluntarily enlisted, more than 600,000 for combatant service, and over 400,000 for work behind the lines.¹ The total—including the standing army in India—reached to 1,300,000 men. They served and died on every one of the British fronts—European, Asiatic and African.

The young educated non-combatant Indian conceived a contempt for the boasted white civilization that had (from an external point of view) revealed moral bankruptcy by flinging itself into civil war. The sacrificial heroic suffering, the "grit," the *camaraderie* of the war were hidden from him. Its horrors and bestialities were clear.

The war ended; demobilization followed; and the men went back to India. The cry of "self-determination" for Belgium and Serbia as the dominant war aim had been shouted by the West across India. The idea of self-determination or Swaraj had gathered way.

The demobilized Indian soldiers did something new. "Illiterate village India is beyond the range of nationalist propaganda"—men have always said. The end of the war was the end of that legend. The khaki-clad warrior strode back into his village the

¹ See *Reconstructing India*, by Sir M. Visvesvaraya, K.C.I.E., lately Dewan of Mysore. (P. S. King, 1920.)

hero of incredible travels and feats. Nearly a million of them returned from the great white world to scores of thousands of villages. The villagers listened agape to their stories round the night-fires—stories of London and Paris, Jerusalem and Baghdad, Zanzibar and Tanganyika; the debates of the trenches, the whispers of Bolshevik Russia; the murmurs of the world's movements to govern itself. The impact was nation-wide and revolutionary. It linked up village India with world-movements and in particular with the wave of nationalistic self-determination.

After the Armistice, hope was high. India had been promised reward for her war service. She had her own representative at the Peace Conference at Versailles. She was represented on the League of Nations. Britain had said that she stood for the principle of self-determination as a basis of the Peace settlement. The great Indian scheme known as the Montagu-Chelmsford Reform was passed in December 1919 by the British Parliament. For the first time in all Indian history the principle of direct representative government was introduced.¹

At the close of 1920 India held her first General Election. The elected representatives came together at Delhi to open the first Indian Assembly on

¹ The election was to the Provincial Council and Assemblies and important parts of the administration were transferred to Indian hands, other parts being reserved to the British.

February 9th, 1921. The Duke of Connaught—the only surviving son of Queen Victoria—in his inaugural speech after picturing the “unforgettable splendour” of the Durbars held by his brother, King Edward the Seventh, and by his nephew, King George the Fifth, said that this Assembly lacked the colour and romance of those brilliant concourses—

But [he went on] *it marks the awakening of a great nation to the power of its nationhood.* In the annals of the world there is not, so far as I know, an exact parallel for the constitutional change which this function initiates; there is certainly no parallel for the method of that change. Political freedom has often been won by revolution, by tumult, by civil war. . . . How rarely has it been the free gift of one people to another, in response to a growing wish for greater liberty, and to growing evidence of fitness for its enjoyment. Such however is the position in India to-day. . . . *The principle of autocracy has been abandoned.*¹

In the old fairy-tales a malign witch comes to hiss a curse over the cradle of a new life. That happened at that time in India. In April 1919 the shooting of Indians took place in the Jallianwala Bagh at Amritsar in the Punjab. After days of rioting ten thousand Indians had gathered in a place where riot meetings had been prohibited. Argument on this event runs high, but the facts on which all agree are that, without warning to disperse, General Dyer opened fire with rifles till his ammu-

¹ *Speeches and Documents on Indian Policy.* Vol. II. pp. 335-343.

nition was exhausted: three hundred and eighty people were killed, over a thousand were wounded and left unattended. A committee of investigation under Lord Hunter arraigned the action as "inhuman and un-British"; the continuing to fire was condemned as "indefensible." As the Duke of Connaught said, "The shadow of Amritsar has lengthened over the fair face of India."

Simultaneously Moslem India was angered by the Allied peace-terms proposed to Turkey.

Beneath these political flames worked the subtler irritating influences on the home—food was highly priced; famine was starving tens of thousands in wide areas; cholera and other epidemics raged. Agitators laid the blame of all these things—bad harvests, high prices, disease, famine, drought or flood—at the door of the British Raj.

India, by this malign witchery, was smouldering with wrath just when this unique attempt at democratic government needed the most friendly atmosphere. The "Moderate" men—who have always included a very large section of the educated—who were and are for giving the new reform a fair chance were for the time overwhelmed by the tide. So there came the vastest and most violent upheaval of the human spirit that India has ever witnessed: far wider and deeper than the Mutiny of 1857.

There came with the hour the man, Mahatma Gandhi, who was at once the voice and in part the

creator of the Swaraj (Home Rule) Movement. He was the supreme prophet of Indian nationalism. But he flung away one of the greatest opportunities in the world's history. For he proclaimed a policy of race-separatism in an hour when the whole world is interdependent.

How came a saint of so powerful a personality to plunge into a blunder so abysmal and tragic ?

Mr M. K. Gandhi—a Hindu lawyer who had been educated in England and called to the Bar in London at the Inner Temple—had been for thirty years a supporter of the British Raj while pressing for Dominion Home Rule. As he himself says, his was “free voluntary co-operation based on the belief that the sum total of the activity of the British Government was for the benefit of India.”

“ I put my life in peril four times for the sake of the Empire—at the time of the Boer War when I was in charge of the Ambulance Corps whose work was mentioned in General Buller's dispatches, at the time of the Zulu revolt in Natal when I was in charge of a similar corps, at the time of the commencement of the late war when I raised an Ambulance Corps . . . and lastly, in an active recruiting campaign that brought on an attack of dysentery which proved almost fatal. *I did all this in the full belief that acts such as mine must gain for my country an equal status in the Empire.*

So late as December 1919 I pleaded hard for a trustful co-operation.”¹

He then explains that the “treachery” of the British Government in taking away the Turkish Khalif’s control of the Holy Places of Islam in Arabia and Syria, and “the Punjab atrocities” (*i.e.* in particular the firing on the crowd at Amritsar under the orders of General Dyer) “have completely shattered my faith in the good intentions of the Government and the nation which is supporting it.” Gandhi called India to throw off British rule in its entirety. Fruitful political agitation was changed into a volcanic race-rebellion.

Gandhi’s non-co-operation programme was a movement for race-division. It had five planks. They all meant abstinence from race-contacts with the British. They have all hopelessly collapsed.

First, came the boycotting of British schools and colleges. There was a wave of enthusiasm for this, but now the schools are fuller than ever. His call for the renunciation of all British Government honours had practically no result. His declared boycotting of British law courts has been a complete fiasco. The fourth project, of boycotting foreign goods and the manufacture in increasing volume of native articles—like cloth, with thread made on the spinning wheel that is Gandhi’s symbol

¹ Letter to every Englishman in India (1920). Gandhi received the Boer War medal, the Zulu War medal and the Kaiser-i-Hind medal, but returned them all in 1919.

—met with a wonderful response at the moment. Yet in the year when Gandhi called upon India to return to the simple saucer-lamp, the importation of paraffin lamps doubled to 1,600,000. In the same year—when he was appealing to India to return to the ox-cart—9000 motor cars were imported as against 400 in the previous year. The fifth plank of non-payment of taxes and of civil disobedience, tried in one small area, collapsed.

Gandhi's policy of non-co-operation failed. It tried to fight the universal fact of the world to-day—the fact that the world is one. The tides of life flow now from every shore to every shore. King Canute's task of sitting on the British beach and ordering the tide to stop its flow is exactly parallel with Gandhi sitting on the beach of India calling his people to wave back the tides of the world's commerce and thought.

How can a land to which liners ply and cables and wireless send messages, a land linked up with every continent of the world by the give-and-take of its goods and ideas, one of the eight great industrial nations of the world, suddenly drop into a vacuum completely cut off from all the life of humanity ?

The policy of racial non-co-operation failed, too, because it is in itself morally wrong.

Rabindranath Tagore has summed up this side of it in a message sent to the boys at his famous school at Bolpur—

“The man who begins to erect a wall to block all the doors and windows of his house cannot be said to have any love for his house. On the other hand, the house owner who uses all possible means to get the light of day into all parts of his house really loves his house. When I found in the newspapers that Mahatma Gandhi was asking our ladies not to study the English language I realized that the erection of a wall round the country had commenced.

“In other words, we have begun to believe that the way of salvation lies in our converting our own house into a prison! We have begun to worship the darkness of our own house by excluding all the light of the outside world. We have forgotten that those who forsake others and resolve to remain insignificant are forsaken by God exactly like those ferocious races who want to become great by attacking others.”¹

IV

It is indeed an odd paradox that at the very moment when Gandhi was calling for “non-co-operation,” India was making a new and unique stand in the centre of world-affairs.

The new world-status of India since the Great War is vividly thrown up by simply cataloguing three events, all of which would have been incredible before the war. First, India signed the Peace

¹ *The Times* (London), June 21st, 1921.

Treaty at Versailles as a distinct nation. Secondly, India, as a nation, was admitted an original member of the League of Nations. Thirdly, India is included by the International Labour Office of the League of Nations as one of the eight leading industrial nations of the world. All these three events are the recognition by the world at large—as well as by the British Commonwealth itself—that India is a distinct nation.

India is delighted with this recognition of her nationhood. Yet the new status simply adds exasperation to her fury at finding her “nationals” treated on a lower footing than other British citizens in some parts of the Commonwealth.

On this question all India is at white-heat—and is absolutely one. She is—as we have seen—internally divided about Swaraj; but she is welded into a single sword in her claim that India’s “nationals” shall enjoy full equality of citizenship with all others in the British Commonwealth.

That is the practical core of the race-problem for Britain and India. And its importance is supreme. One of the most balanced, candid and intimately informed of living observers, Professor Rushbrook Williams, Director of Public Information to the Government of India, believes that it is a pivot on which the world’s future swings. He says in *India in 1922-1923*¹ that the question of

¹ Published by the Government of India (Calcutta). This report is produced every year and is the best window into the current life of

India's status in the Commonwealth and her relations with other elements in it forms "perhaps the most formidable problem which has ever confronted the British Commonwealth as a whole; for upon its solution may well depend not merely the permanence of the connection between the Indian and the British peoples, but also in no small measure the future peace of the world.

"The impending struggle between East and West, foretold by many persons who cannot be classed either as visionaries or as fanatics, may easily be mitigated or even entirely averted, if the British Commonwealth of Nations can find a place within its wide compass for three hundred and twenty millions of Asiatics fully enjoying the privileges, and adequately discharging the responsibilities, which at present characterize the inhabitants of Great Britain and the self-governing Dominions."

The question of status and relationship rouses furious passions on both sides and drives to the very root of the world's race-problem. It became concrete and dramatic in a scene at the Imperial Conference held in Whitehall in the autumn of 1923.

In that room the Prime Ministers of every part of the British Empire were present—a gathering that no single rule in all human history has ever

India. Obtained in Britain through Messrs Constable or Fisher Unwin; Blackwell (Oxford) or Deighton, Bell (Cambridge). The italics in the quotation are ours.

paralleled for range and momentous importance. They set themselves to discuss this very question.

Five years earlier two vital principles had been agreed to at the earlier meeting of this same Imperial Conference in what is called the Reciprocity Resolution. That Resolution said that (1) each community in the British Empire had the right to control by immigration restrictions the composition of its own population. But it recommended (2) that Indians should be allowed to visit and take up temporary residence in the Dominions and Colonies ; that Indians already resident should be free to bring in their wives and children ; and that the removal of civic and social disabilities should be considered. In 1921 the Imperial Conference reaffirmed this resolution and added : "The Imperial Conference accordingly is of the opinion that in the interests of the solidarity of the British Commonwealth it is desirable that the rights of such Indians to citizenship should be recognized."

We must keep clear the distinction between the attitude of the Dominions and Colonies (1) to immigration ; (2) to those already living in the Dominion or Colony.

Immigration for Indians is not the vital question at all. "There is," said Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru at the Imperial Conference, "a growing sentiment in my country that we should not send our nationals outside anywhere. We do not want our nation outside India to appear as a nation of coolies."

An Indian would say, for instance, to South Africa or to Kenya Colony : "If you wish to say 'No' to immigrants when they knock at your door, we agree that you have—as we have—the right to do so. But your reason for saying 'No' must not be—as ours must not be—on grounds of race; it can only be on grounds of economics or social welfare. It is reasonable to exclude men—Indian or white—who would throw your population out of work by working for low wages. It is not reasonable to exclude men because they were born with a brown skin in India. To do so would, of course, admit a white burglar, but exclude a Prince Ranjitsinhji or a Rabindranath Tagore."

It is when you get down to the treatment of Indians already living in, say, South Africa, that the battle-royal begins. And that is where it centred in the Conference of 1923.

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, representing India at that Imperial Conference, said : "I fight, as a subject of King George, for a place in his household, and I will not be content with a place in his stables. When *izzat* [honour] is at stake we prefer death to anything else. . . . We attach far more importance to the honour of our 'nationals' in other parts of the Empire than probably you realize."

He proposed that the Dominion Governments who have an Indian population, and the Colonial Office in regard to Kenya, Uganda, Fiji, etc. where Indians are resident, appoint committees to confer

with a committee appointed by the Government of India in "exploring avenues how best and soonest the principle of equality (implicit in the 1921 resolution¹) may be implemented."

The Prime Ministers rose one after the other from Canada and Newfoundland, Australia and New Zealand, and agreed that no race-discrimination should be made against Indians ; and lamented that exclusion for economic or social reasons was in some cases necessary.² They all agreed that if a man of any race living in the Dominion could shoulder the responsibilities of citizenship he should enjoy its privileges.

Then General Smuts arose for South Africa to write "No Thoroughfare" across the road.

"It is the case of a small civilization" [he said], "a small community, finding itself in danger of being overwhelmed by a much older and more powerful civilization, and it is the economic competition from people who have entirely different standards and points of view from ourselves. . . .

"From the African point of view, what is the real difficulty ? You have a continent inhabited by a hundred million blacks, where a few small white communities have settled down as the pioneers of white civilization. You cannot blame these . . . very small communities if they put up every possible fight for their own European civilization. They are not there to foster Indian civilization ; they are there to foster Western civilization.

¹ On the rights of Indians to citizenship. The proposal had been accepted by all save Australia and South Africa.

² See quotations from their speeches in Chapter II.

"In South Africa in the Union we have a native population of over six million; a white population of over one and a half million; an Indian population of about 160,000 mostly confined to the Province of Natal. . . . If an Indian franchise was given, the result would be that in Natal, certainly, you would at once have an Indian majority among the votes.

"But our difficulty is still greater. You have a majority of blacks in the Union, and if there were to be equal manhood suffrage over the Union the whites would be swamped by the blacks. You cannot make a distinction between Indians and Africans. You would be impelled by the inevitable force of logic to go the whole hog. The result would be that not only would the whites be swamped in Natal by the Indians, but the whites would be swamped all over South Africa by the blacks, and the whole position for which we have striven for two hundred years or more would now be given up. . . .

"For India it is a question of dignity. For white South Africa it is a question of existence.

"I do not think our Indian fellow subjects in South Africa can complain of injustice. It is just the opposite. They have prospered exceedingly in South Africa. . . . They have all the rights, barring the rights of voting for Parliament and Provincial Councils, that white citizens in South Africa have. It is only political rights that are in question. There we are up against a stone wall and we cannot get over it."¹

Let us look at the Indian in South Africa for a moment. There are 160,000 Indians there. They did not push themselves in. They were—for

¹ The whole of this and the other speeches in this classic debate may be read in *The Times*, November 2nd, 1923.

the most part—drawn into South Africa from India by white capital in South Africa recruiting for cheap and docile labour. The white man in South Africa has created his own Indian race-problem in the same way that the white man in America created his negro race-problem, viz., by importing cheap, coloured labour from abroad for his own benefit.

There is no trouble in the Orange River Province because Asiatic immigration is not allowed at all. There is no trouble in the Cape Province because Cecil Rhodes' policy of "equal rights for every civilized man" prevails. There is real trouble in Transvaal and in Natal Province because they have large Indian populations but refuse citizenship. In Transvaal (where Boer feeling is strong) the Indian has no vote and no political representation of any sort whatever; nor can Asiatics hold land. In Natal where the great majority of Indians live they have a precarious town vote.

The reason for the fiery race-feeling that prevails in those two provinces is really economic and social. The Indian (imported by the white man as a cheap tool) has become a drastic competitor with the small white shopkeeper; and his general standard of life is different.

There is another stormy field in the Indian race-battle on the African scene, Kenya Colony. The principles are the same here as in South Africa. The situation is however different in one important

particular—Kenya is a Crown Colony, not a self-governing dominion.

The British Government (in 1923) decided against the scheme that India would have accepted of absolute rule from the Colonial Office through a Governor, and in favour of a Colonial Office rule through a Governor with a council in which the white settlers' vote predominates. It says that the real responsibility of Britain in Kenya is to look after the original inhabitant—the African.

This is how the argument runs. If the Indian with his lower economic standard of living and his business faculty were allowed free immigration and full citizenship he would soon control Kenya. Not only so. It is likely that Rhodesia, Nyassaland, Tanganyika, Uganda, and Kenya will be fused into one great Central African Province—possibly ultimately a self-governing dominion. So (if the Indian had free play) South and East Africa would be in danger of becoming a province of India. We are trustees for the African. The African cannot defend himself or control his own land. So—at the risk of hardship to the Indian—we must keep the Indian out of political and social control.

This concern for the African would be more impressive if in Kenya the education and the medical care of the African, the protection of his land tenure and the reduction of his taxes, had held a

central place in the white man's mind before the Indian issue emerged.

It will thus be seen that outside India itself there is—in Canada and Australia,¹ in Kenya and South Africa—an Indian race-problem that, as Mr Rushbrook Williams says, affects the whole future destiny of the British Commonwealth and of world-peace. Every Briton in every part of the British Commonwealth is concerned in its solution. For to shake the allegiance of India to the British Commonwealth is to shake the entire fabric of which India is—in population—by far the greatest part.

Here, then, is another prodigious racial enigma—the riddle of how to reconcile the will of India to stand erect and free in the world of nations, and especially in the British Commonwealth of Nations, with the white man's will to protect and expand his own civilization and rule. How can India "see of the travail of her soul and be satisfied," and Britain be true to its own priceless heritage?

One can imagine the shades of the great invaders and rulers of India and the giant chiefs of old Empires and new Republics—Alexander and Julius Cæsar, Mahmud and Akbar the Great, Napoleon and Abraham Lincoln—sitting round under the

¹ See Chapter II.

open sky (as in a Greek theatre), chin in hand, intently watching us as we to-day play this Imperial race-drama on a stage vaster than any of them ever trod.

“What,” they ask, “will these moderns make of this? Failure and tragedy? Or some issue more wonderful than we ever conceived?”

To all of them—save that gaunt last glorious figure, Lincoln—there was only one way with *their* race-problems. At the best their solution was *parcere subjectis et debellare superbos* (“to spare the subservient and smash the rebel”).

But we are committed to another ruling principle—by the Faith that we hold. We rule—we can only rule—not as tyrants, nor even benevolent despots, but as trustees. We are stewards for an estate that is not, in the last resort, ours to do with as we will.

We look again at the penny and its Latin inscription. There are other letters than those with which we began our study of India.

DEI : GRA : precedes IND : IMP :

If that is true; if it is by the Grace of God that the King of England is Emperor of India and that Briton and Indian are members of the same great Commonwealth, then there must be a way through—a triumphant solution of that tremendous racial enigma. And that solution will be discovered inevitably along the line of obedience to the principles of race-relationship revealed in the Person

who alone commands the reverent love of East
and West and transcends all race-rancour.

Hasten the Kingdom, England;
Look up across the narrow seas,
Across the great white nations to thy dark imperial
throne
Where now three hundred million souls attend on thine
august decrees;
Ah, bow thine head in humbleness, the Kingdom is thine
own:
Not for the pride or power
God gave thee this in dower;
But, now the West and East have met and wept their
mortal loss,
Now that their tears have spoken
And the long dumb spell is broken,
Is it nothing that thy banner bears the red, eternal
cross ? ¹

¹ Alfred Noyes.

CHAPTER V

THE WORLD TEAM

STANDING on the touchline of the football field of the Syrian College at Beirut on a crisp afternoon in spring, I saw streaming down from the pavilion a team such as I had never before even imagined in my wildest athletic dreams.

The captain was an Abyssinian, thickset, but a fast and accurate shot. His full-backs were a Turk and an Armenian; the half-backs and the forwards included a Syrian Christian from the Lebanon, a Greek, other Turks, a Persian and a Copt from Egypt. Their trainer was an Irishman. The Principal of the College was American. In the College were nine hundred boys from all those lands.

The football field was on Asiatic soil; but the people represented were drawn, not only from four separate races in Asia—the Syrian Arab, the Armenian, the Turk and the Persian—but the Abyssinian from Africa, the Greek from Europe, the trainer from the British Isles, and the Principal from America. Every continent had its man. All the world was represented.

As I stood watching the members of the team take their places and the opposing team move out to face them, and then heard the whistle blow and saw the game surge down and up the field, I could see that they were playing a really magnificent team game. Talking with the sports-captain of the College who was standing by me I asked: "What special difficulty do you find in training a team like this?"

"A real hard nut to crack," he replied, "is just this. These fellows come from countries where the whole idea of team-play is unknown. Each at the beginning of his football training wants to dribble the ball down the field at his own feet and score the goal himself for his own glory." ("It is just the same," he interjected, "if you are teaching them baseball or cricket or hockey.") "So," he went on, "I have won the battle, not only for the boy as a member of the team, but really for his whole life-job, *when I have taught him to pass.*"

I looked again and realized the simple miracle that had been performed. There was the Armenian full-back (whose father had been massacred by a Turk) passing to the Turk who sent the ball out to a forward wing, the Greek, and he to the Persian who centred to the African captain who, amid a roar of cheering from the College, scored a brilliant goal.

As I looked across the field to the intense blue waters of the Mediterranean that broke in a white

fringe of foam on the rocks below, the whole human scene, that we have been looking upon in this book, flashed into my mind. The world (I saw) is just such a football field. The problem of the world racial conflict is precisely the same as the problem of the sports-captain at Beirut. There are the nations on that vast world-field—each trying to dribble the ball of achievement down the field of history, to score the goal of racial or national glory for itself. There is no team-play on a world scale. The need of the human race is for a World International Team.

Indeed—in that very hour when I was at Beirut—something was emerging on that world-field so awful that it would have stunned us all, if we had caught but a glimpse of it. For it was the spring of 1914; and already forces were in play that, before the summer had come and gone, were to fling those nations and races into the titanic conflict that shattered the world. Because there was no world-team in being, ten million young men and senior schoolboys who were alive at that hour are to-day maimed for life or lying under hummocks of earth over which the grass blows in Britain and Europe, Syria, Mesopotamia and Africa.

As Mr Winston Churchill says: “It is a tale of the torture, mutilation, or extinction of millions of men, and of the sacrifice of all that was best and noblest in an entire generation. The crippled,

broken world in which we dwell to-day is the inheritor of these awful events."

We look again over the world-field to-day and find the whole earth, in a new and almost universal sense, the scene of a tense unparalleled struggle between the two forces that the sports-captain threw up so vividly on that Syrian football field: the one force that makes a nation strive fiercely to keep the ball at its own feet, and the other force that—like the athletic trainer—shouts, "Pass men—pass! Play the game for the great game itself and for the team."

II

Why should a world-team spirit be needed to-day more than at any time in the world's history?

The answer lies—as we have already seen—in almost everything that we see or handle, eat or drink or wear. The very football itself—with its bladder made of rubber from the Malay Archipelago or Africa, and its case of leather shipped from South America—is an example of the inescapable fact that we and the other races are all interdependent, "bound up in the bundle of life together."

The result is that there can never more be an isolated fight between two nations—a "scrap" (so to speak) behind the school fives-court between two boys in the world school. Every fight involves the whole school. Every war in the future must be a world-war. And this will mean inevitably that the

flame of any future war will rage across every race till it has burned itself out and only the charred ruins of civilization remain; and in those ruins starving human packs "looting for non-existent food."

In a word (to quote Lord Bryce's tragic epigram), "If we do not destroy war, war will destroy us." Man, as a civilized being, must learn to be a team—or perish.

What, then, is the central obstacle between the world as we have it to-day and the creation of a human team?

If you sat in a café in Budapest and asked the Hungarians why they did not work in the team spirit with the Czechs; or if you talked with Arab camel-men round a Bedouin camp fire in the Jordan valley and asked, "Why do you not link up with the Jews?" you would—when you recovered consciousness in hospital—have leisure to meditate on the fury of national and racial antagonisms. Those volcanic antagonisms—burning more or less fiercely, as we have seen in this book—are throwing up a vast seismic upheaval. The force of the upheaval is the passion for "self-determination" that burns now in all peoples. The competing forces meet everywhere. In Europe they are national and partly racial: Slav versus Teuton, Latin versus Teuton, and so on. Beyond Europe they are largely racial and partly national—we talk of them in terms of colour, black and white in Africa and in America;

brown and white in India; yellow and brown and white on the shores of the Pacific. It is the clash of colour; mainly the resistance of the other races to white domination.

This has led many men—some of them of great brilliance of mind—to say: first, that the root-facts of the physical and mental differences of the races cause this conflict; secondly, that you cannot change those great fundamental facts of race; therefore thirdly, you must have race-war; and fourthly, you had better face the fact and prepare to resist the demand of the other races by the united armed force of all the white man's numbers and wealth and capacity.

Never in this world was a more terrific and terrible conclusion reached on such crude scientific evidence. The fact is that the wisest minds are still on the very threshold of knowledge as to what is meant by race. The scientists are still in high and vehement debate on every major question affecting our views of race. They are fighting over different theories of heredity (the very root of race); of race-psychology; of the effect of education on race-character, and a score of other vital factors. When we come down to these root questions, "What is race?"—"On what are race-antagonisms founded?"—"In what does race-superiority consist?" we are bewildered.

They look so simple. Yet it is absolutely true to say that the issue raised by the clash of colour never

has been thought through. On a local scale, it is an ancient issue; but it is, *on a world scale*, a new problem. It is the greatest problem confronting mankind as a whole. It must be solved by us in our generation.

Let us try to analyse these questions in the concrete facts that lie in front of us.

Race—taken in its modern scientific meaning—has to do with the physical character of man. It divides men by what you can photograph of them—their bodily externals, by the shape of their heads (broad or narrow, long or round), by the colour of their skin, by the straightness or curliness and the colour of their hair, and so on. It is a matter of anatomy. The scientific race expert is the anthropologist.

Yet the moment you begin to apply this science to the modern race-conflicts that make our race-problem you are tangled in an inextricable, bewildering skein of contradictions. The European is white and the Indian brown we say. Yes. But racially there are three different races in Europe: the tall, narrow-headed, blonde "Nordic" man with blue eyes and fair hair; the round-headed, stocky, short, dark "Alpine" man; the narrow-headed, short, brunette "Mediterranean" man. For instance, if you motor in France from St Malo to Marseilles, you will in succession meet all three of these races in large masses: the Nordic in the northern plains; the Alpine in Brittany and the Central *Massif*;

the Mediterranean in Aquitaine and the Lower Rhone Valley. So—to start with—we have the confusion that a race is not a nation and a nation may contain three races. These *racially* different men in France all fight side by side against a common foe.

But here a still greater complication rears itself in our path. The "Nordic" fair Englishman is racially nearer to the narrow-headed Indian of say Benares, and to the Persian of Teheran, than he is to the pure Welshman or the Highlander in his own island and of his own nation.

Not only so, but the Indian of Benares is farther removed racially from the Indian of Madras than he is from the Englishman of London, or the American of Washington. Indeed the Brahmin Indian is racially as remote from the pure Dravidian of South India as a Scotsman is from a Hottentot; yet the Brahmin and the Dravidian unite in the Indian Swaraj movement as members of one race-movement for self-determination.

Again, the German Jew fought the Russian Jew and the French Jew in the war; for the Jews though united in one race are divided into more than a score of nationalities. Yet they have a very strong common feeling of race. The thing becomes more startling still when we discover that the British may set a Jew—like Lord Reading—to rule India; the Turks may hail a national leader in a Jew like Tekin Alp; and the Russians

another in Lenin. Arabs flame into ungovernable fury at the very notion of Jews invading their ancient homelands in Palestine. The "race-conflict" between Arab and Jew is to-day as vehement and acute as any antagonism in the world. But the true Jews and the true Arabs are both of the Semitic race. Indeed the Jew and the Arab who leap at one another's throats together constitute almost all the pure Semites now living on the earth ! This may sound confusing and so it is, for the very facts of race are a bewildering medley. But it may open up an astonishing simplification if it leads us to distrust the race-war dogmatism of the brilliant Lothrop Stoddard school, and to dig deeper for the root realities of race.

There are, of course, relatively pure races like the Chinese and the Bantu negro—though the latter has absorbed some sub-races. But the Chinese are less race-conscious and arouse less race-antagonisms than almost any people on earth ; and the Bantu are still so divided into tribes ignorant of each other's existence that race-consciousness is only vivid in them where it has been stung into life by the white man's presence.

Does not that last sentence unconsciously throw a gleam of simplifying light into our tangle ? *The negro first becomes race-conscious when he confronts the white Europeans and Americans.* He does not think about his skin being black and about a united black race till he sees the white man and feels he

has to fight for his own rights. Race-consciousness comes first from his sense of difference from another people, secondly, from his feeling of a common negro cause against what he feels to be an oppressive white people.

Follow this clue a little farther. We find on analysis that there is very little feeling of race-conflict in British West Africa, there is some race-conflict in Kenya Colony, and much in Southern Rhodesia. Why ?

The white and the black are there in West, East and Central Africa. If colour was the cause of conflict we should find the same fight in all three places. The main cause of the difference is that in Southern Rhodesia the white man has taken from the negro most of his land ; in Kenya Colony the white man has taken some and the negro does not know how long the rest will stay in his hands ; in British West Africa the white man has left the land to the negro who cultivates enormous cocoa and other crops and sells them to the white. There are other causes ; like the fight of skilled white labour in Southern Rhodesia to keep the black and the coloured man down in the ranks of unskilled labour. But in both Rhodesia and Kenya *the cause of the conflict is economic; and in the case of the land it is sentimental as well as economic.* It is a conflict over wages, over land-tenure and over the economic standard of living.

Look again to the Pacific Ocean. Why does

Australian labour erect the principle of "White Australia" into a religion? Simply and essentially because the Chinese, the Japanese and the Indian have a very much lower standard of living and are so innumerable that, if they sailed down the Pacific in their hundreds of thousands and landed and worked and multiplied in Australia, they would undercut the Australian in the Labour Market and oust him altogether from his work, and therefore at last squeeze him out and make Australia a province of Asia: there would arise—the Australian believes—in Australia (only far more intensely) the strained situation that you already have in South Africa; where practically no unskilled labour is ever done by any white man, and where the coloured population enormously outnumbers the white. Here, again, the race-problem of the Pacific (the antagonism of the white to the coloured and the reciprocal anger of the coloured) is, as in Africa, *due to economic causes*.

"But," the reader says, "if you trace the race-conflict to economic fears and angers in Africa and Australia, you surely cannot apply that idea to India."

We will turn, then, to examine the Indian scene in the light of what we have already read.¹ What is the central cause of all the unrest there—the fiery nationalism, the making of common cause between Hindu and Moslem, Punjabi and Bengali,

¹ See Chapter IV,

against the British? The answer is clear—the cause is a political desire for self-governing institutions and for authority in their own household. The writer is convinced that if the British frankly and sincerely said, "We are now going to leave India," and started to go, the vast majority of Indian nationalists would equally frankly and sincerely say, "No, we desire you to stay and to live here and work our institutions with us."

"How inconsistent!" a critic exclaims.

Surely, however, there would be no real inconsistency. The difference would be almost essentially one of feeling, but none the less profound and very real. We are there in India to-day as conquerors gradually giving self-government—in instalments at our own discretion: then we should be guests sharing self-government with them at their invitation. If I apply the difference between the two situations to my own home, I at once see that it is fundamental.

Again, then (if our analysis of the cause of race-conflict between white and brown in India is true), the root reason for it is *not race but a conception of political freedom*.

If we have been able to analyse these race-conflicts and find in each case a cause that is economic or political, why have those causes become so confused that we have come to see the whole set of world-antagonisms as racial?

The first reason is one of simple psychology.

If two white men are in a prize fight and one fouls the other we say he is a cad. But if, say, Siki fights Carpentier and is guilty of a foul we say "That is the negro." I automatically blame the thing I resent upon the thing I can see, *i.e.*—in the above instance—on his colour, his race.

Let us apply that idea to our problem. The white races of the West have reached a higher stage of economic and political development than any other of the races. Either, therefore, they have got control of the land and of the people of those other races—as in Africa; or they want to exclude them from their own white lands—as in Australia and America—because of their lower standards; or they have seized the reins of government—as in India. The consequent conflict—which is economic and political in essence—naturally seems to be racial.

A critic may say here, however, "You are flying in the face of the fact that there is an instinctive repulsion felt between the races."

But is there an instinctive repulsion? A white baby or little child is as fond of its brown ayah or yellow amah or black "Nannie" as it is of a white nurse. And even adults when they get to know individual negroes, as houseboys for instance, or as students in their classes, far from feeling repulsion, will often speak of them with enthusiasm and real affection. The repulsion is felt (when it is felt) by older people after the influence of the general

group or mob-mind has infected the attitude of the growing boy and the man with race-feeling.

A naturalist recently saw some tiny ducklings newly hatched on the water's edge. They took no notice of him and were quite happy when he picked them up and fondled them. He then walked away. As he did so he noticed the mother-duck waddling down with frantic speed to the ducklings and, gathering them about her, quacking furiously for some minutes. He then walked down to the water's edge again, but the tiny ducklings fled in terror and throwing themselves into the water paddled away for dear life from the dreaded monster-man whom they had five minutes earlier allowed to handle them quite unmoved. It was clear that the fear was not instinctive. The mother-duck had induced fear of man in the ducklings—not a fear of this man simply but a generalized dread of and antagonism to man as man.

That same almost hypnotic power of suggestion works on the young life of one race of man as against another race. I know Indians who really want to know Englishmen but who find the greatest difficulty in meeting the Briton without a strong irrepressible feeling of race-repulsion, because they have been surrounded first by a caste-tradition which bars out the white man as a defiling outcaste; and, secondly, because they have been surrounded by fiercely nationalist groups of friends and relatives who have induced hate of the dominant yet despised

barbarian white. Yet this caste-contempt and race-hate of the white are neither of them rooted in the nature of things. They are not instinctive. They are induced—suggested—by old and new sectional loyalties, loyalties to caste and to race.

The same is true of the white contempt for colour where it is found. The white man who to-day threatens to boot an Indian out of his first-class railway compartment in India was one of the pre-war generation of schoolboys who hung in mute hero-worship on every swift, graceful stroke of the brilliant batting of "Ranji" and cheered the Prince's effortless drives into the pavilion at Lords.

The theory of instinctive race-repulsion is not scientific. It is not true to the facts.

A gauntlet of challenge may, however, here be thrown down by a critic who says to us: "Yes, the difference may be (as you argue) economic and political; but the white man has got higher than the other races in those respects because of his essential race-superiority. And that superiority rests on his better brains and nobler spirit; and he must keep on top at all costs."¹

What is race-superiority? Can we doubt that there is such a thing—that indeed it is the most real thing in the modern world, and that it is possessed by the white peoples?

¹ This is the argument of a very powerful school of writers of whom Mr Lothrop Stoddard in his *Rising Tide of Colour* is the most popular and effective.

You are—let us say—a midshipman aboard an oil-fed, naval greyhound—

A ram-you, damn-you cruiser,
With a brace of bucking screws,

carrying a thousand men and boys and some stupendous guns that can throw a ton projectile and hit an invisible target twenty miles distant. You feel the deck quivering under your feet as the screws hurl this fifty thousand tons of concentrated scientific engineering miracle at twenty-five knots an hour through trackless oceans. And all the time you can talk by wireless across a hundred leagues of water to other cruisers, and can take the Greenwich time to a tenth of a second by listening to a clock ticking in the Eiffel Tower a thousand miles away.¹

All of this your own race has invented and created.

The grey sleuth-hound comes to anchor in Bombay Harbour. Bombay was a little Indian village which King Charles II of England rented to the East India Company for £10 a year. Your searchlights play on it and reveal interminable wharves where the world's shipping loads and unloads costly freights; they show you factories, warehouses, offices, palaces of millionaire merchant-princes, well-lighted streets, in which move purring Rolls-Royces and

¹ I was recently on a British liner in the Atlantic whose wireless operator told me he had taken the Eiffel Tower time by wireless when over four thousand miles away, off the coast of South America.

clanging electric cars—a city of wonder and wealth round what is now the queen of Asia's harbours. That busy, prosperous city is—you feel—the creation of the brain and organizing energy of the white race. The ordered government of the three hundred million folk in India is itself the gift of the white race to India.

Heaving anchor your cruiser swings out on the long trail East. In Colombo and Singapore, in Hongkong and Sydney, the same story is unfolded, with the Orient's enchanting variations of colour and line and sound. You hear at Hongkong of the break-up of China by the *tuchuns*—the provincial war-lords who defy the government of Peking; and it strikes you that the white race might step in and by force impose on China the peace given to India. Japan gives you a moment's pause as you see her great and efficient cruisers nosing round yours, but you recall that she has become a first-class power by brilliantly copying the white West.

An officer on board tells you of his experiences at the end of the war, when he crossed Africa from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic; threading the forests of Kenya, plunging down to the shores of Lake Tanganyika; paddling by canoe past the villages of the Upper Congo, on for two thousand miles and more till he reached the cocoa-plantations of the West Coast. And all the life of all the tribes in Central Africa had, he says, never produced anything of what we call civilization; while now the

boys and girls are multiplying fast because the head-hunter, the witch-doctor, infanticide, inter-tribal war, the Arab slave-hunting have been largely stopped since the white man has taken charge.

Race-superiority! One does not so much state it, as take it so for granted as almost to forget that it can ever be challenged. It seems so obvious.

Let us, however, stand back and take a steady look at the scene through a time-telescope.

Imagine an educated Nubian negro-scribe in 40 B.C. going down the Nile delta from the sumptuous imperial magnificence of Cleopatra's Court, and sailing across the Great Sea to Rome in one of the Imperial corn-ships. Walking in the Capital of the World, in those paved streets between houses roofed with gilded bronze, among marble temples and baths and theatres of indescribable beauty, he would hear of strange savage islands that Cæsar had invaded only some ten years ago. Imagine the Egyptian negro-scholar riding northward along the paved road driven straight like a javelin across Europe and at last sailing across the narrow foggy channel at the peril of his life. He would find the savages of Britain dressed in skins at their worship, burning men alive to appease their gods; and with their kings and petty chiefs living in wood and wattle huts in primitive squalor.

A hundred and fifty years later—let us say—a philosopher-prince from India leaves the court of the Buddhist Emperor Kanishka at Peshawar, with

the beauty and the grandeur of its marble buildings sparkling with jewels and gold, and with the fervour of its austere religious philosophy. He travels up the Khyber Pass across the plateaux of Nearer Asia and the Roman Roads of Anatolia and Europe to what has now become the northernmost frontier of the Roman Empire. He stands on one of Agricola's forts in Britain, and looking north he catches glimpses of the shaggy, barbarous Caledonians lurking among the gorse and raiding in search of loot. Or a Chinese pupil of the great historian Panyang¹ goes from Chinese Turkestan over the same plateaux and Roman Roads to North Europe and sees the Angles and Saxons cutting each other to pieces in inter-tribal wars.

Would it not seem self-evident to the Chinese faced by his fellow scholars at home, to the Indian, as he retailed his adventures to the astonished pundits and philosophers in the imperial jewelled halls of Peshawar, and to the Nubian, as he returned and walked through the immense avenues of the temples and palaces of Egypt or sat writing his experiences on his papyri in the great library of the Pharaohs, that those scattered tribes of Angles and Saxons, those brutish Britons and savage Scots were of a

“lesser breed without the Law?”

The intrinsic racial superiority of the Indian, the

¹ Panyang who was in touch with India and the West died A.D. 124.

Chinese and the Egyptian negro over the Briton and the Saxon would seem as self-evident and as incontrovertible to them as does that of the Briton and American to-day over the Hottentot and savage Papuan.

Here is an account of the practices attributed to the natives of a savage island written by an Italian general who landed there in the course of a campaign.

The inhabitants of the interior do not sow corn, but live on milk and flesh, and clothe themselves in skins. All of them dye their bodies with the juice of a plant, which stains them blue, and makes them look very terrible in battle. They wear their hair long. . . . Sets of ten or twelve have wives in common between them, and when children are born they are considered to belong to the one who first married the mother. . . . Those who are ill of any serious disease and those who engage in war or other dangerous occupations either offer up human beings as sacrifices, or make vows to offer up themselves. They think that their gods cannot be appeased except by offering up life for life. They have public sacrifices of this kind. Some of them have huge wicker-work images which they stuff full of living men and women, and then set fire to the whole and burn them to death. They think that their gods like the sacrifice of thieves and robbers and other criminals best, but if there are not enough of them, they offer up innocent victims. . . . The men have the power of life and death over their wives and children. If a well-to-do person dies, his relatives meet together, and if there is any reason to suspect foul play, torture his wives to find out the truth. If anything

is discovered, they put the wives to death with all kinds of torments. . . .

The reader will have recognized that the writer is Julius Cæsar¹ and that the savages were inhabitants of the British Isles and of North Europe.

If a Roman writer had suggested to Cæsar that those British islands would some day be the origin and centre of an empire by the side of which that Roman Empire over which he ruled would be dwarfed, he would have been hailed with derision and laughter for his midsummer madness. As Lord Macaulay puts it: "Nothing in the early existence of Britain indicated the greatness which she was destined to attain. Her inhabitants, when first they became known to the Tyrian mariners, were little superior to the natives of the Sandwich Islands."²

So to the conquering eye of Julius Cæsar as he dictated the *De Bello Gallico*, or even to the sympathetic insight which Tacitus displays in his fascinating sketch *Agricola*, our ancestors in North Europe and in Britain were "the backward races of the Empire," just as the Africans and Papuans are to the war-historians of the twentieth century—the Winston Churchills and the John Buchans of to-day.

The rise of the white races of Northern Europe

¹ Cæsar, *De Bello Gallico*, V. 14; VI. 16; VI. 19.

² Macaulay, *History of England*, Chapter I.

and their domination of the world is, then, a recent thing—a mushroom growth viewed in the long perspectives of history.

One of the greatest scientific authorities on the causes of race-domination is Dr Vaughan Cornish, who lectured for the British War Office throughout the Great War to officers and N.C.O.'s at the training centres in England and at the Army Training Corps Schools on the Western front, and has since by official request written the British textbook for Army promotion examinations in Imperial Military Geography. In that book,¹ in a valuable and searching passage on "the relative efficiency of Occidentals and Orientals," he says—

The superior strength of Occidental (*i.e.* Western) as compared with Asiatic states is relatively modern. . . .

There had been a time when the Asiatics were well abreast of Europeans in such studies [chemistry, physics, mathematics], and we must therefore note the time when Europe began to draw rapidly ahead. This was about the beginning of the sixteenth century, and the date is evidently connected with the commencement of trans-oceanic voyages. The crossing of the Atlantic, which made Western Europe, including the British Isles, the centre instead of a terminus of maritime communications, brought with it new requirements in practical astronomy, and there soon followed great improvements in mathematics, in the instruments for recording time and measuring angles and in optical aids to observation. On this foundation was modern physics built, and hence the mastery of physical

¹ *A Geography of Imperial Defence.*

and chemical forces which resulted was localized in Europe where oceanic navigation originated.

Moreover, the habit of visiting countries, which followed upon the use of the world's common highway, immensely widened European knowledge of the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms. Not only was the knowledge of Europeans widened but their receptivity was developed. Asiatics, whose situation is less favourable for oceanic navigation, were content to let Europeans be the common carriers at sea and consequently missed a valuable stimulus to the appetite for knowledge. It is suggestive that the first Asiatic nation to recover equality with Europeans in national efficiency should be the Japanese, whose geographical conditions, taking account both of climate and communications, are most nearly allied to those of Western Europe.

In the early Middle Ages, before the time of ocean sailing, when the roads of Europe had fallen into disrepair and movement was wider and freer in Asia, the Asiatics were at least as quick as the Europeans in picking up knowledge. If the development of railways and motor traffic should presently begin to outpace that of marine transport, there may be a recovery of relative efficiency in the more continental and less maritime parts of the world.

The fluctuations of national efficiency which have followed on change of trade routes warns us therefore against the assumption that no other Orientals besides the Japanese will regain equality with Occidentals. If this should occur the Occidentals will not maintain their present preponderating influence in the world unless in the future they form a larger proportion of the world's population than they do to-day. At present they are outnumbered in the proportion of at least two to one.

The present white superiority is therefore, if

this scientific military strategist is right, not necessarily permanent. It is of recent growth; it may not persist for long.

III

Three things which, if they are true, revolutionize our picture of the possibilities of the future, have been put forward in this chapter.

The first is that, while each nation and each race has and ought to have its own life and personality and we ought to give devoted loyalty to our own country, as to our home, yet "patriotism is not enough." We want—we shall always want—the "nation" with its own genius and art and literature and music; but in the team with other nations joining in the team-play of the world's life. As the Hon. Newton Rowell, K.C., has said in *The British Empire and World Peace*: "Two of the outstanding lessons of modern history are that the Nation-State is no longer an adequate form of political organization to meet the needs of human society, and that force is no longer a sane or practicable method of permanently settling disputes between nations."

That in a single sentence is the problem that we of this generation must solve—to get the "Nation-States" together for team work.

Through the spirit of the smaller group—that of the nation—we come to the fuller spirit of the larger, indeed the largest group—humanity. As that great social psychologist, Professor William

McDougall, has said: "The group spirit, rising above the level of a narrow patriotism that regards with hostility all its rivals, recognizes that only through the further development of the collective life of nations can man rise to higher levels than he has yet known, and become the supreme agent of human progress."

In a word, the idea of the world team is the mainspring of the advance of the nations of men in the future. That team would be impossible if race-hate is in the very nature of man. But already we have discovered, secondly, that—so far from the facts of race (colour, skull-shape, hair, temperament and so on) being the cause of race antagonism, what we call race-hate really rises from such facts as differences of standards of living and consequent wage rivalry, and the desire for political freedom. These things are at the root of race-hatred. The economic and political fight rages round "colour" because the white man is on the one side—that of higher economic standards and stronger, longer government experience—and the "coloured" races on the other.

Race-antagonism we have discovered is not rooted in primitive instinct—it is not present in the natural child; it is put there through suggestion and education by the adult. It is not fundamental: it need not exist. This discovery breaks the terrible tyranny of race-antagonism over man. He can conquer and destroy race-war. We

can "wipe out" our enemies by "wiping out" our enmities.

The third thing is, that on the highest authority—as well as from our own outlook on history—the world-domination of the white man is a recent growth and is not likely to persist indefinitely.

What then is needed to achieve the ideal of the world team on the plane of our life here and now? We need in the affairs of man some real and powerful force that will fuse the separate national and racial spirits into a unity. We need a King Arthur idea and ideal to gather the warring knights into a Round Table of world-chivalry to co-operate in defending the distressed and the weak and in fighting for world-peace.

We turn to look for such a practical force—something that will do for man what the team spirit did for the Turk and Armenian, Greek, Abyssinian, Persian and Syrian on that football field at Beirut.

CHAPTER VI

THE REAL WAR

“OUT,” said the umpire.

It was one of the critical cricket matches of the season. Trinity College, Kandy, one of Ceylon’s seven public schools, could count itself fortunate that the crack batsman of the opposing side was caught in the slips after he had made only three runs. The Trinity captain, however, stepped up to the umpire and said, “I think the ball was caught off his pads.”

The umpire reversed his decision. The batsman came back and made his fifty.

It was technically, of course, against the rules of cricket to suggest a reversal of the umpire’s decision; but, however much we may criticize the technical error, it was in the spirit of good sportsmanship that that boy acted—the son of a tribal Kandyan chieftain, senior prefect of his school and captain of the cricket XI. Indeed, here was something that was greater even than the team-spirit of passing on to the other man on our side. It was the spirit of playing the game with absolute fairness to the opponent, playing the game for the game’s sake.

As you look at the act and then look from it to the outside world of race-rancour, international evasion, subterfuge, and sharp practice, you cannot escape the conviction that it is in the spread of the spirit of that cricket captain into the world of racial and national relationship that the hope of the future lies. John Galsworthy, indeed, after looking at the failure of literature and art and even science, which is, he says, "more hopeful of perfecting poison gas than of curing cancer," turns to this very spirit and says :

" Sport, which still keeps the flag of idealism flying, is perhaps the most saving grace in the world at the moment, with its spirit of rules kept, and regard for the adversary, whether the fight is going for or against. When, if ever, the fair-play spirit of sport reigns over international affairs, the cat force which rules there now will slink away and human life emerge for the first time from the jungle."¹

We naturally turn then to ask how it has come about that this Sinhalese boy and the team and the school itself to which he belonged have acquired the spirit of fair play and fellowship. The College, which had changed his whole outlook on life and made him the sportsman and convinced Christian that he is, has in it five hundred and fifty boys. They are boys of all ages, from nine to nineteen ; of all shades of colour, from white to dark brown ; boys of over a dozen race-divisions, including Sinhalese and Tamil,

¹ *The Times*, October 29th, 1923.

Burmese and Burgher, English and Scottish, negro Baganda from Africa and Chinese; and of many religions, including Buddhist, Hindu, Moslem and Christian; boys who put up a cricket team that has won every match in the season in the Island Competition, and who plunge down into the slums of Kandy to take first-aid to people who are ill and poor, and to carry them off for boating excursions.

These boys—with their splendid airy white school buildings, their school-houses, lecture-halls, their chapel now being built on the beautiful oriental lines of an old Sinhalese temple, their sports grounds, swimming baths and so on—might well confine their keenness to the school itself. But they know that school patriotism is not enough. The school must give itself to something larger.

So “Trinity” has, for instance, instituted the Kandy Social Service League under which the boys—in co-operation with other people—have helped the poor to fight starvation in the food crises, and have joined in “clean-up” days to fight the plague. Working at the request of the Municipality with the Municipal Inspectors, they have helped to clear out the filthy nooks and corners of the town, to get the people to destroy their plague-ridden rubbish, and to transfer them from the evacuated plague areas into barracks. They have gone further, and organized games in the poorer parts and started a play centre for boys; they have run unkempt, neglected boys into Scout Troops and made them keen foot-

ballers. They prepared a survey of the need and possibilities of housing to do away with the slums of Kandy, and on their survey subsequent legislation was framed and houses have already been built and are being built. Indeed we have the public statement made by the Governor of Ceylon that "We have the unusual occurrence of boys, while still at school, making the laws of their country."

When you look first at the races in Ceylon, India, Burma, the Far East and Africa whence those boys come, and then at this team-spirit of unity and service that moves them, you see that the thing which has made all the difference to them is the spirit of the College itself. And that spirit is simply the spirit of the Christian men from Britain who in the last fifteen years have built up the tradition and *esprit de corps* of the place on a rock-foundation of Christian character.

The fact that those public schoolboys of the different races have bridged their race differences by team-work in school sports, and have bridged class-divisions in Kandy by social service, means that, within the College, they have already achieved triumphantly the goal that—as we saw in the last chapter—lies ahead as our ideal. They have an inter-racial team-spirit. It will be worth while to dig a little deeper to try to discover the force that has fused them into a team. We may then ask whether that force can really work—not simply on the scale of a school but of the world. If we discovered how

that force could be applied to the world, we should have found a way through this prodigious peril that rears its head in the path of the human race—the menace of world race-war.

Looking at the school as it throws itself into social service in the slums of Kandy, we discover that the Sinhalese, British, Indians and Africans are welded together by a common desire to fight—not with each other—but against a common enemy. That is in fact a picture of the present world race-situation and of the way through. There is a war, a real war—*the* real war. But this real ultimate war is not of race against race, of self-determination for coloured races against domination by white races; it is a war not of man against man, but of man with the deadly foes of his life.

The nations and the races of the world—if real civilization is to come to the world and to triumph—have to lose their race-differences in a real fight. Man has his enemies, his absolute and final enemies, whom he must fight tooth and nail to the last gasp, or himself perish. Those enemies are the low civilizations that imperil the high; the greed that exploits weaker people; the diseases that threaten ordered life; the personal sins that poison his soul and wreck his character.

Let us look for a moment at one or two concrete, vivid, even painful pictures of those enemies.

Some time ago I was living in the vastest slum in the world—that area which stretches for mile after

grim desolate mile from Whitechapel in the East of London to South-West Ham. It was a hard, cold winter, its misery intensified by unemployment. I saw men fighting with bare fists at the dock gates for work to get food for their boys and girls. For every one man who got work twenty were rejected. Hunger and cold stood over the prodigious shum like grim giants.

Going down each night from Fleet Street to the University Settlement in Canning Town, I was set to go into scores of homes to find out who really needed relief—the homes of out-of-work stevedores, ships' scrapers, firemen, dock labourers, skilled mechanics, sugar refiners, iron-workers, jam and matchbox-making factory girls; negroes, Lascars, Danes, Indians, Chinese.

One night, walking through the soaking snow-slush down a dark, forbidding road—a *cul-de-sac*—I stumbled down a black passage at the end of which a light glimmered through the crack of a doorway. I went into the desolate room. The only furniture was a wooden sugar-box—used as a table—and on it a piece of greasy newspaper with the bones of a few pennyworth of fried fish, and a smaller wooden box as a chair. With bitter simplicity the man—his lean face tense with hunger—told me how the room had gradually been swept bare of the table and chairs, clock, few pictures and so on. They had all been sold or pawned to get food, because the man could not get work.

“ What about bedding ? ” I asked.

I found a bare iron bed, on which—with no blankets or sheets—two boys lay asleep, white and wizened. The man shaded the light from the boys’ faces with his hand, so that they might not wake to their hunger. The light on his lined face showed that unforgettable picture—tears of helpless pain in a man’s eyes. He had begotten the boys, but he could not feed them—and through no fault of his own.

The next day I looked from the roof of the University Settlement House over the monotonous dingy sea of slum houses built on drained marshes down to the Tidal Basin, acre upon acre, mile upon mile, in long rigid rows, broken by gaunt chimneys, the gross mass of a gasometer, and the masts and funnels of tramp-ships on Thames-side. Those cargo-liners sailed to and from all the ports of the world, and I thought of the slums of those places—Calcutta and Cardiff, Glasgow and Kobe, Chicago and Shanghai, Marseilles, Bombay, Hamburg and Liverpool. The two boys on the bed in Canning Town were one with millions of boys and girls of all races—the eight-year-old Chinese children working on twelve-hour shifts in the cotton-mills of Shanghai, the babies dying by the thousand every year in the foetid human kennels of Bombay.

The thought of this intolerable “ Slaughter of the Innocents ” revealed in a blinding flash of light one of man’s menacing enemies—this grinding, stunting,

deforming social evil, the exploitation of man by man for gain. We cannot fight against it because the money needed for social reformation and the minds needed for building a new order of life are squandered on paying for the last war and in the preparation of armaments for the next. We divide to fight one another when we should unite to fight our real enemy.

Let us look at another picture. A bronzed man came into my room recently. He and his colleagues have been fighting fever in Jerusalem and the country round about. The most astonishing results were achieved—by laying on fresh water from distant pure hill springs, by cleansing the old wells and cisterns of mosquito larvæ, and in other ways. Deaths due to fever in one town were reduced in a single year from four hundred to four. But the British Government had to cut down its expenditure there because of high taxation at home to pay for armaments. So—for the sake of the cost of a single great gun—that splendid fight against disease has been crippled.

A few weeks later I met that daring explorer of the Polar ice, Fridtjof Nansen, who has been fighting famine and typhus on the eastern frontiers of Europe. Literally he has been defending western civilization from a ghastly scourge. But he has to fight as though with one hand tied behind his back through lack of men and money.

Look out again at another enemy. The western

nations and especially those around the Pacific in America and Australia dread lest the low standard of civilization represented by the swarming fever-ridden alley-ways of, say, Canton should overwhelm their civilization by the sheer flow of numbers.¹ That fear is partially justified. But if we look back we see that London in the seventeenth century had just such plague-ridden foetid alley-ways. London's alleys were cleansed by applied science and education. Our war, then, is not against the Asiatic, but against the filth that is as much his enemy as it is ours. In a word we join them to fight the common enemy of man.

The boys in that football team at Beirut were (we recall) of many races; but they learned to pass to one another. The Asiatic, British and African boys at Kandy joined together to fight disease in the slums. Their race-differences did not stand in the way. They worked as one team. If we could swiftly fly round the world and see not only the present but the past students of such colleges as St John's University, Shanghai (which has supplied China from among its students with several Foreign Secretaries, Ambassadors, and a Prime Minister)—the Canton Christian College—Shantung Christian University—the Union Medical College, Peking—the Anglo-Chinese College, Tientsin—the Doshisha and other Universities and Colleges

¹ See Chapter II, *The Dilemma of the Pacific*.

in Japan—the Madras Women's College—Robert College, Constantinople—and its sister at Scutari—Lovedale and Tigerkloof Institutions in South Africa—and a host of others, we should discover one of the greatest of all new forces in the new world; this new young team-leadership in the making.

Everyone who has met old boys and old girls of these and similar colleges has found among them men and women who rank with the best of any race; and in talk with them the sense of race-division (though not of racial differences) disappears. They are the fresh leaders of a new age.

They are at present neither many nor powerful as compared with the forces against them; but that has always been true of new and conquering movements. Men jeered at the meagre followers of Mazzini hiding in garrets, but they were the fiery crusaders of a new and a true idea. And they won. The Young Italy movement freed Italy and made it for the first time a nation. The club cynics of Britain and America held their sides with guffaws of mirth at the odd and isolated fighters who started the battle for the freedom of the slaves. That ideal of freedom for the negro seemed as idiotic to those cynics as world-peace seems to ours; but the scorned idealists held up the banner of freedom against all the brickbats and bombs of detraction and derision. And they won. The one thing we need to be sure about is not that our ideal is popular, but that it is a true one.

So to-day we find this new young inter-racial leadership beginning to take the field in the new war for world-peace. For instance, in 1922 nine hundred students—men and women—of all races came together in Peking to discuss the question of world-reconstruction. Called together by the World Student Christian Federation they came from almost every part of the British Empire, from America, from France, Scandinavia, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Turkey, Egypt, Africa, India and Japan, as well as in their hundreds from all over China. They found no race-division separating them. Indeed as one of them, an Indian, put it when talking to an English friend: "We (that is, Eastern students) were under the impression that Western nations were bent on exploitation and hence on war. This conference has given us the conviction that this is not so. Christian minds everywhere are suffering on account of this problem. We see that they loathe war and are struggling for a better way."

This Indian student had discovered that the real war was not between the races, but was a war of good versus evil everywhere. The old adage of Confucius (which he applied to the Chinese), "Under heaven one family," these students saw to be true of the whole human race.

Those students of all races in Peking came to some burning united convictions of which the principal ones are these:

We, representing Christian students from all parts of the world, believe in the fundamental equality of all the races and nations of mankind and consider it as part of our Christian vocation to express this reality in all our relationships.

We consider it our absolute duty to do all in our power to fight the causes leading to war, and war itself as a means of settling international disputes.¹

The great fact is, that a new leadership for a new world of inter-racial peace is being and can increasingly be created by an education that has at its heart the ideal of world-brotherhood. *The hope of the world lies in the creation of this new leadership by a world-wide Christian education.*

How does this affect us? Take for instance that phrase in the Peking students' declaration, "The fundamental equality of all races." We may all agree with those words in theory if we take "equality" as meaning not equality of attainment or identity of ability, but equality of right to a life of free growth in the world. But let us look at what that may mean for each of us individually in practice. Here is an actual example of an incident that took place in the year of writing this; an incident which, I am told, can be paralleled in more than one University.

A freshman at one of the British Universities made friends easily and naturally with two or

¹ Minute 73 of the General Committee of the World's Student Christian Federation, Peking, 1922.

three Indians. In a few weeks another undergraduate (one of his English friends in the set that had come up with him from the same public school to the same College) challenged his action.

“Look here,” he said, “you have got to drop these Indians.”

“Why should I?” he retorted.

“Well, it isn’t done,” said the other; “and anyhow, if you don’t drop them, your old friends will drop you.”

Here was a sharp decisive challenge. If he stuck to his guns and stood by his new Indian friends, he would be “barred” by his oldest friends of his own blood; he would be isolated; his whole future might be affected. But if he gave way he would have been practically bullied into taking the path of race-segregation on a basis of race-inequality.

What was he to do? The issue is difficult, sometimes desperately difficult; and it faces men at every university in the British Isles and at many universities in other lands. It happens in different forms to civil servants or business men going to the East or Africa; or to men in any of the great ports of the world.

It is one of the forms in which the race-problem comes right home to each individual man or boy. To face it in the spirit of that Peking declaration is bound to mean sacrifice.

II

The unity that these boys in their colleges and these students from different races have discovered does not wipe out their distinctive racial gifts. Indeed they are more splendid members of their own race because they play together as one man in one team. We lose the clue to our quest altogether if we think that we must destroy race-difference in order to solve the race-problem. On the contrary every race has something special to give to the world that no other race possesses. When we talk of the unity of man, we do not mean the uniformity of man.

Race is real. It seems certain that—as Dr McDougall says—

Racial qualities both physical and mental are extremely stable and persistent, and if the experience of each generation is in any manner or degree transmitted as modifications of the racial qualities, it is only in very slight degree, so as to produce any moulding effect only very slowly and in the course of generations.

I would submit [Dr McDougall goes on] the principle that, although differences of racial mental qualities are relatively small, so small as to be indistinguishable with certainty in individuals, they are yet of great importance for the life of nations, because they exert throughout many generations a constant bias upon the development of their culture and their institutions.

This, of course, does not mean that because you cannot change the mental qualities you cannot

change the mental outlook. On the contrary you can revolutionize the mental outlook by education. Two brothers, for instance, play together as boys in a Bechuana tribal town in Africa. One grows up in the hands of his witch-doctor father ; he goes through the bestial and painful ritual of the secret camps where boys are equipped for manhood. The other meets a David Livingstone and is later educated by the white men who come to his land with their schools and their new Faith. The one becomes a cruel, brutal, drunken, turbulent tribesman ; the other becomes King Khama, the superb chief who found his tribe small, poor and broken, and left it great, rich in cattle, and united.¹

Yet Khama did not become a European in mental quality : he was still the African Bantu negro. Indeed, what the education and the Faith did was to make him the most complete, full-grown, splendid Bantu his race has ever seen. It thrills one to contemplate the possibilities that lie before man in the development of such personalities through which each of the races will give its own special strength to all the others.

The Creative Power that made Man made him of different races—though essentially of one blood—for a purpose. As Dr Aggrey² put it to me, his dark young face beaming, “God knew what He was doing when He made me black ; He wanted

¹ See also p. 21. Khama died February 21st, 1923.

² See Chapter III.

me to be black and not grey or white. I couldn't do what I can do if I was any other colour, and I don't want to be any other colour."

What then was the idea of making different races?

There is nothing so flat as uniformity. The sound of one reiterated note is maddening. That is what makes us want to strangle the piano-tuner. There is only one way to get rich full harmony in music or in anything else and that is by the blend of different notes. The thrill of a really great picture lies not in uniformity of colour, nor in the clash of colour, but in the complement and blend of contrast in colour.

The fascination even of a gallery of pictures lies not in their uniformity but in their variety of colour, spirit and subject. To pass from the trumpet-blasts of Rubens' imperial reds to the quiet tones of Rembrandt's browns; to breathe deeply in the cosmic space of Michael Angelo's thronged skies and then go in at the lowly door of a Teniers' Dutch interior or drink in the quiet peace of a Constable, or trace the exquisite daintiness of Gainsborough's Nelly O'Brien—that is to discover the splendid secret that the wonder of the unity of art lies not in uniformity but in the harmonious riot of diversity, all aiming at many-coloured beauty.

Another and a perfect picture of this tremendous truth is that of the arms and feet, ears and eyes and all the members of the body, each different from the other; all of varying powers; not at

all equal in the sense of identical; yet all alike essential to the full body; each contributing to the body; and in return the body as a whole giving life and meaning to each member of it.

In that story of the body and members St Paul gives us in vivid imperishable prose a living picture of man as he may be when he realizes the unity of which he is the heir. There is no suggestion in St Paul's picture of equality of the limbs—or of the races of man—in the sense of identity or uniformity. The glory of the whole body lies precisely in this—that the limbs *are* different. But there is equality in the sense that each limb gives something unique, something that it alone can contribute. Robbed of any single limb or feature, however insignificant, the body is to that extent maimed. The body *is* simply all of the limbs (as Man *is* all of the races) "fitly framed and knit together through that which every joint (or race) supplies."

With a flash of his genius, however, the writer throws in at the end a phrase that flings a blaze of light on the picture—indeed the light reveals the central secret of the whole problem that we are facing. He says that the limbs make "the increase of the body into the building up of itself in love." In a word, the unity of the races of man, like that of the body, is not in the sheer mechanism of the limbs but in the one life that throbs through them all—in a word *the spirit*.

Botticelli's "Spring" is not a meaningless jazz of splashes and daubs but is an inexhaustible miracle of beauty, because the colours are wrought into exquisite creative unity by the spirit of the master-hand. Bach's "Hosanna Chorus" is not a ghastly crash of discords, but is a harmony of perfect and thrilling chords because of the master-spirit who created them. So the race of Man will leave the shattering discords and the hateful clashes of colour that now mar his life, when the Master Spirit who has made Man has free play in all the ranges of his life.

We are of different races, though of the same blood, because God meant us to be different so that we should each contribute to the world's life—just as He meant the colours to be different that we might have beauty in landscape, and the sounds different that we might have beauty in the song of birds.

Truth is as Beauty unconfined :
 Various as Nature is man's Mind :
 Each race and tribe is as a flower
 Set in God's garden with its dower
 Of special instinct ; and man's grace
 Compact of all must all embrace.
 China and Ind, Hellas or France,
 Each hath its own inheritance ;
 And each to Truth's rich market brings
 Its bright divine imaginings,
 In rival tribute to surprise
 The world with native merchandise.¹

¹ Robert Bridges.

It is this competition, not to kill, but to contribute, this rivalry to be the best in the team and for the team, that is the root of progress for man on the planet.

The reason why we can be certain that the differences of race need make no discord but can each contribute to a rich unity of life is this, that the greatest thing in man—the thing that makes him man and not beast—is that God made him in His own image and that into each man of every race He breathed His own Spirit.

So we are brought again to the inevitable symbol of the Team; in which all work together in spontaneous harmony because all the wills are set on one supreme aim. That aim is the glory, not of the individual nor of the nation, but of the Team under the lead of its Captain—of the Family whose Father is God.

III

The enemy of the Team is twofold: first, the will to dominate; secondly, the will to isolated self-determination.

It has fallen to us in this century to watch the most tremendous crash of historic dominations that man has ever seen. While Burke and Pitt in the time of the French Revolution exhausted the resources of their oratory on the horror and the peril of a single revolution and the collapse of a single throne, we have seen, in the space of sixty

months, a stupendous inter-continental, political earthquake that has smashed the imperial thrones of Germany, Russia, Austria, and Turkey. Our own vision is indeed still blurred with the flying dust and debris of that cataclysm. The Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs—

whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,
Joynd . . . once, now misery hath joynd
In equal ruin : into what Pit thou seest
From what hight fall'n.

We have watched the Romanoffs ruthlessly exterminated and the Sultan seek an ignominious refuge in the Arabian desert. The most ancient dynasty in the world—the Manchu throne in China—has been wiped out and the Chinese people left to grope their way through anarchy to a new order of life.

The ruin of these five thrones is a part of the world-movement for self-determination against domination—a movement which is the bull in the world's dynastic china shop.

But the spirit of tyranny and race-domination is powerful and defiant. It is like Milton's Satan who, though

Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Skie
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition.

nevertheless plots to bring Man to the same damnation.

What though the field be lost ?
 All is not lost ; the unconquerable Will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield.

To men who look to gross and material things for the forces that control the world, reliance on the spirit of liberty shared by all races in co-operation, confidence in the strength of the interplay of a single-minded team, will sound "wild and chimerical." They talk, with Lord Birkenhead, of the right of self-interest to dominate life and of "the glittering prize" for the man with "the sharp sword."

As Burke said, however, such men, "vulgar and mechanical politicians . . . who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material, . . . far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine. But to men truly initiated and rightly taught *these ruling and master principles, which in the opinion of such men as I have mentioned have no substantial existence, are in truth everything and all in all.*"

Burke in immortal oratory made that appeal to deaf ears. The hard-headed realists—the militarists, with their faith

In reeking tube and iron shard
 scoffed at his words and derided his idealism.

The vengeance of history was swift and awful. They have the immortal shame and ignominy—those blood-and-thunder patriots—of having split

their Empire and robbed it of one of the greatest, the fairest, the most wonderful of the world's lands. For in the very year when Burke pleaded in vain for freedom and co-operation for the colonies, when he asked amid derision for reliance on "ties which, though light as air, are strong as links of iron,"¹ the battle of Lexington was fought and lost by the British and the war began which wrenched the United States of America from the Empire.

Let us, before it is too late, learn that lesson for the race-conflict of our own day. That lesson of the tragic blunder of tyranny on the one hand and of the building power of freedom blended with co-operation on the other, is written across the skies of history in letters now of blood and fire and now of pure gold. There rose up in France, a decade later than Burke's speech, a demand for freedom and power for the people. Again the military monarchists derided it: and the French Revolution came with the ruin of the throne, the spoliation of property and the cold slaughter by "Madame la Guillotine." Over a century later there came once more the demand in Russia for the freedom of the people from serfdom and the granting of a place for them in the commonwealth. Again it was refused, and in 1917 the throne of the Tsar was flung to the ground; and Russia

¹ Burke, *Speech on Moving his Resolutions for Conciliation with the Colonies*, 1775.

staggered to its freedom blindly through a blizzard of suffering.

On the other hand, in Britain in the 1880's the people clamoured for new powers, and in the Reform Acts after an intense struggle they were called into expanding responsibilities; with the result that the land swept forward from strength to strength. And in the first quarter of the twentieth century the Dominions asked for a fuller place in the counsels of the Motherland and a larger freedom in their own houses. It was given to them: so that when the awful test of world war came—instead of welcoming the chance of separation as they would have done under a tyranny—they leapt with all their young strength full-armed to the side of the Motherland.

To-day such a decisive conflict of the principles of domination and freedom is on us again. On the one side is an arrogant Goliath straddling across the path of progress, defying man to advance. On the other side is the young fresh force of co-operation—the David of this conflict—the Team-idea of all races working together to a common end. Tomorrow—in our time—the decision must be made. That decision will alter one way or the other the whole future history of man.

The crisis, as we have seen, is this. The white races that dominate the world to-day are faced by the clamour of the coloured races for a place in the control of the world. The American colonies in

1775, the French populace in 1789, the English people in the 1880's, the Dominions in the early twentieth century, and the Russian people in 1917 asked for a growth of self-government. So the Indian, the Arab, the Egyptian, and the Negro, in widely varying degrees, *but with one voice*, ask to-day that they should be free to use the powers that are in them, and by exercise to develop the muscles of self-government so that they may be fit for fuller powers still; and the Chinese and Japanese ask for a sharing of the surface of the world for their over-brimming populations.

If the white races to-day deride and deny the claim of the coloured peoples to control increasingly the current of their own lives; if the white man resists "the rising tide of colour," the breakers of that tide will surge and pound upon the dykes till they crumble and collapse. Then the noise of the overwhelming surges will fill the darkness of the world and the tide will "sweep away all the rich heritage of so many ages of wisdom and glory. The danger is terrible. The time is short."¹

The white man, however, has within his grasp a far greater glory than defending his own authority. If he will simply set his face resolutely toward realizing a world-commonwealth of nations and races, he can have the glory of leading Man at the

Macaulay on Parliamentary Reform. (House of Commons
2nd March 1831.)

supreme crisis of his history for the first time into world-peace.

This issue as between the two forces has been summed up for us by Professor Gilbert Murray. He says :

The question is, which of these two contrary tendencies . . . is going to prevail ? The one is the economic exploitation of the helpless territories and nations by the strong ones, a process which has enormous historical impetus behind it, and is at this moment stimulated by the exceptional economic hunger of the European world ; the other is that consciousness of the Earth as One Great City, and that acceptance of duty towards our fellow-man which . . . may now be normally expected of a civilized and educated man. . . . The lists are already set and the issue is joined.¹

The issue is joined : and we cannot refrain from that battle. We must, by the very fact that we are alive, be in it on one side or the other, by the sheer pressure of our own personality in the ordinary contacts of our day's work.

In the League of Nations, for instance, is a beginning—though not yet the complete fulfilment—of the idea of the Human Team. For the first time in history more than fifty nations are united for these purposes: “to promote co-operation between nations”² and to make “the well-being” of the races not yet able to stand alone “a sacred trust of civilization.”³ There we see twin pillars of a

¹ *Essays and Addresses*, 1922.

² See Article I.

³ See Article XXII

new world-order—co-operation between the strong and trusteeship for the weak.

The League of Nations is in its early and experimental form at present. It is taking its first steps in a new world, a world where the rumblings and tossings of the earthquake of world-war followed by the tidal wave of racial ambitions make all steps forward difficult. Yet the League's work—"to seek the reign of law based upon the consent of the governed and sustained by the organized opinion of mankind"—is the greatest attempt at a world team of all the races that has yet been made in the political and social realm.

None know better, however, than the supporters of the League, and none say more often or more emphatically, that it is not on organization alone but on the will of the nations and the races that peace can ever be built. As General Smuts has said, "We need a change of heart in the peoples of the world."

To change the heart of humanity is a task that can only be achieved by a world-wide force working in the spirits and the minds of men everywhere. It is a task of educating people of all races in a new spirit. Indeed the world-situation can—from this point of view—be summed up in H. G. Wells' vivid phrase, "a race between education and catastrophe."

That task of education on a world-scale may sound impossible. It is nothing of the kind. It

is as practicable as it is thrilling. As we have just seen, it is already begun among the races of Asia and Africa in the new student leadership. It is when we look at the world of men, not as they are but as knowledge and a spirit of goodwill can make them, that we get a glimpse of the incalculable good that lies ahead.

It is a stupendous task. Like the glittering peak of Mount Everest it challenges the highest strategy and tests lung and sinew to the limit of endurance. But it ought not to daunt the sons of men who have crossed uncharted seas and broken into new continents. We are in the succession to fathers who fought many fights for freedom, who pioneered in every continent; who tunnelled impassable mountain-barriers and drove new roads across old wastes. And the end of their exploration is only the beginning of blazing our new world-trail.

This new world of to-morrow is to our generation what the Atlantic was to Grenville, Hawkins, Raleigh and Drake, what the Pacific was to Captain Cook, what Africa was to Livingstone, and the Poles to Shackleton and to Scott—it is the field of a new adventure; and a challenge to initiative and resource; a test of capacity and will.

As, however, we face this world-task of overcoming the conflict of colour by a new world-spirit and practice of co-operation, nothing short of a world-wide force rooted in spiritual reality will ever

be adequate. Something very real is needed—not a vague atmosphere of kindliness but a brotherhood won through blood and courage and sacrifice.

Can we anywhere find on the planet such a force and such a brotherhood?

IV

Suppose . . . and suppose that a wild little Horse of Magic

Came cantering out of the sky,
With bridle of silver, and into the saddle I mounted,
To fly—and to fly;

and suppose that the “wild little Horse” raced round the world

. . . Stretched up into the air, fleeting on in the sunshine,
A speck in the gleam
On galloping hoofs, his mane in the wind out-flowing,
In a shadowy stream.¹

Starting from the surf-edge of a Pacific Island where the day begins² and keeping pace with the sun, what do I see?

I see the moving, many-coloured races of men on whom the sun shines every day—races differing in a hundred ways and divided by language and custom and costume, ideal and creed. Yet in all that glorious, breathless world-gallop I discover at least the beginnings of a world-community—a new Race out of every race. I discover that one Person

¹ Walter de la Mare.

² The international date line is 180 degrees east of Greenwich. Each day begins by agreement between the nations on that line.

draws men of every race under heaven—here few and there many—to find in Himself the meaning of life and above all the express image of their Father. And I discover that where those men really find Him they find their unity with other men of any and every race who have learned to know Him.

From my flying eyrie I see—on the dawn of Sunday—by an island beach where the blue league-long rollers boom and break in white spume, the brown boys and girls of Fiji—the grandchildren of cannibals—running to their schools. There they learn and say together sentences first spoken by a lake-side in western Asia which in their first two words reach the real root of the unity of Man—“Our Father.”

Their voices die in the distance as we gallop southward over New Zealand, where the tall brown Maori men come striding to their sturdy wooden churches. Swiftly swinging away north-westward we are just in time to see the strange black aborigines of Australia—men of the boomerang and spear—coming out from their huts to their simple school-services. Leaping the Torres Straits we find full-grown brown Papuan boys—the sons of savages—walking across the wonderful cricket ground that they themselves laid out, and entering barefoot the school-chapel that they have also with their own strong hands built to the glory of God.

Not less breathless than our speed is the swift transition from the primitive stone-age simplicity of Papua to the ancient, chivalrous culture of Japan, where, in their beautiful and simple array, hundreds of thousands of Christian Japanese live. In the foul slums of Kobe I see a Kagawa, social reformer, author, editor, orator, pouring out his life for the poor and in the name of Christ fighting the sweating of his people. He is only one of the thousands who in the Christian Church in Japan are changing its life.

In another hour we have crossed with the dawn the Korean Strait and find the quaintly-hatted, white-robed Korean folk going to their worship, and then the Church in Manchuria, men and women who have been through the fire and water of furious persecution, working in college, in hospital and in village and city—another link in the unbroken chain.

Galloping westward we leave on our left the long flying squadron of island peoples—the Philippines, the Dyaks and Chinese of Borneo, and the crowded brown folk of volcanic Java—and are swiftly careering over the vast crowded plains of China towards the gorges and the mountainous plateaux of the West. We picture to ourselves the far-flung, many-sided activities of the church on which the sun shines down each day in the life of China—on students from Peking University and the Shantung Christian University and others hurrying

to their classes; doctors and nurses at work in the great mission hospitals and medical colleges; journalists and social workers fighting the sweated industries of Shanghai cotton mills; young Christian Chinese statesmen in the cabinet wrestling with the problems of the Chinese civil war; General Feng disciplining his armies in Christian chivalry; and we discover in city and village hundreds of thousands of folk in China who are a part of this world-wide community that shares in the Christian worship of the Father.

The hoofs of our Horse of Magic fling the clouds aside as we career over Mandalay, where

The dawn comes up like thunder,
Out o' China. . . .

There in Burma and away on our left flank among the merry, nimble Siamese and in Sumatra and on the Malay peninsula, multitudes, brown and yellow, come together to the worship of the Christ.

An hour later the vast white rampart of the Himalayas rears itself on our right. There in India we look across the prodigious plains of the Brahmaputra and the Ganges up to the Christian sentinel hospitals at Peshawar, Bannu, and the other gates of the Afghan passes. From Calcutta to Delhi, from Benares southward over the plains and on to the lovely backwaters of Travancore to Ceylon, the rapidly growing millions of India's Christian community, students and doctors, teachers and pastors, join by their work and their worship in

carrying the chain of the Great Community from the Far to the Near East.

In Madagascar the scores of thousands of Christian Malagasy in their pure white *lambas*, with the memory of their heroic martyrs fresh in their minds, go out into the multitude of soaring Gothic buildings that express the strength and the lift of their devotion.

Crossing the stupendous African continent I should see, along the trail left by Livingstone and the hero-spirits who followed him, the negro peoples from veldt and lakeside, forest and river bank, workshop and college, fields and tribal villages, gathering in churches, that range from the splendid Cathedral which stands where the old slave-market festered in Zanzibar down to mud-and-wattle sheds by the banks of the Congo. So the far-flung Community builds here the bridge from the Indian to the Atlantic Ocean, at the same hour when, from the Shetlands to Sicily, and from the steppes of Russia to the shores of France, the Churches of Britain and of Europe express their common worship.

The wide Atlantic is taken in our stride, and the American churches, white and negro, with the American Indians and Eskimos, carry the unbroken chain of worship across to the Pacific Ocean where foam-flecked at the end of our swift circuit of the world, I watch the brown laughter-loving island people of Samoa and of the well-named Friendly

Islands round off by their comely and cheerful service the world's worship of God.

So the sun—as it watches the earth spinning through space—already sees gathered out of all the races of the world men born into this New Race, this Great Community, “the Holy Church throughout all the world.” Weak that Church is in many places, and everywhere it is far from being “without blemish”; its disunion, too, is a cause of derision. Worse than all, it is in many of its branches invaded and infected with class-conflict and race-hatred.

Yet when all is said, it has—and it alone has—in the measure of its real faith in the one Father who “made of one every nation of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth,” the secret of the power to overcome the world's race-conflicts and to give peace to man.

The future of man surely lies with this World Community created by the Spirit of Christ. For it is created to bring man to God's way—the Kingdom of God—the way of world-fellowship in the spirit of His Son. Here differences of race, wealth, culture, status are transcended in a higher unity. Here is the real birth of the commonwealth of man. It is when we stand with St John on “a great and high mountain” that we get our glimpse of the Holy City coming down to earth. We discover that the day of adventure is not dead in a world where the call comes to every

living soul in this generation to challenge man's stupendous race-antagonisms with the ideal of this City of the World Team—this City, not of one race or nation, but of all humanity.

And the nations of them which are saved
Shall walk in the light of it :
And the Kings of the earth
Do bring their glory and honour into it,
And the gates of it shall not be shut at all . . .
And they shall bring the glory and honour
Of the nations into it.

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